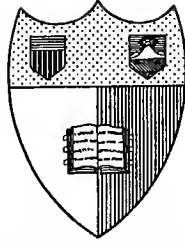




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FROM PANAMA
ERNEST PEIXOTTO**



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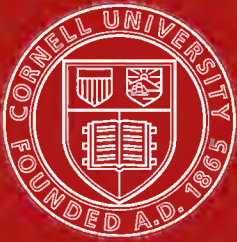
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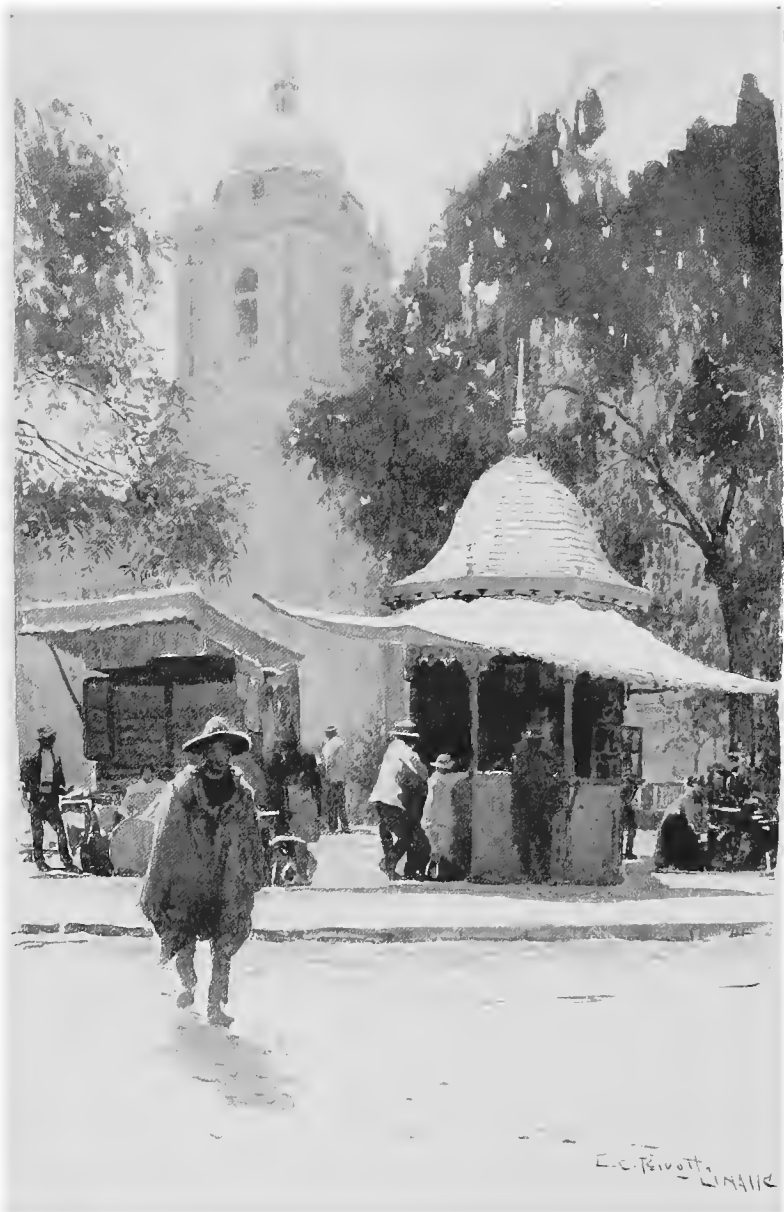
Pacific shores from Panama,



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PACIFIC SHORES FROM PANAMA



Plaza, San Francisco, Lima

PACIFIC SHORES FROM PANAMA

BY
ERNEST PEIXOTTO

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR



NEW YORK
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PREFACE

SPANISH AMERICA of the Pacific still remains one of the few countries undiscovered by the tourist. The few foreigners who use the steamers that slowly meander up and down its coast are for the most part commercial travellers, mining engineers, or a stray missionary or archæologist. The few books that have been written about it—and they are very few indeed—deal with the region from one or the other of these view-points.

But no book that I have been able to find treats of it as a journey of recreation, a quest for the knowledge usually to be obtained by travel. Yet viewed from this stand-point alone, it is a truly fascinating voyage. The luxurious indolence that possesses the traveller as he glides over this lazy tropical sea, the romance of the Spanish cities, the picturesqueness and the appeal of its vast Indian population, the desolation of its arid wastes, the dizzy heights of its Cordillera, the sharp contrast of climate and vegetation—where equatorial tropics and eternal snows are

PREFACE

often but a few hours apart—all these make up a journey, the fascination of which can scarcely be overstated. And it is my belief that with the opening of the Panama Canal this West Coast will become a favourite winter cruise for the people of our hemisphere.

Living, outside of the larger cities, is primitive, to be sure. But where is the seasoned traveller who would let that deter his ardour? And even as it is the hotels are no better and no worse than they are in towns of the same relative importance in Italy or Spain. The railroads are well equipped for the most part with American rolling-stock, the people courteous, kind, and well-disposed toward the stranger—if he will but meet them half-way.

To properly appreciate the voyage one must have a taste for the novel and the untravelled; one must have an eye for the picturesque; and, above all, one must have read up the old Spanish chroniclers or at least Prescott's "Conquest of Peru," that still remains the *vade-mecum* of the traveller in the Andes. How strange, how wonderful that this blind historian, sitting in his library in Cambridge, could have grasped with such accuracy a country he had

PREFACE

never seen, describing its mountain fastnesses, its tropical valleys, the romance of its old Inca civilisation, and the ardour of its Spanish conquerors as no one has been able to do before or since!

To those who wish to pursue the subject further, I would suggest a perusal of the original story of the Conquest by Xeres, Pizarro's own secretary, and the *Commentarios* of Oviedo and Herrera, and the poetic, if sometimes exaggerated, accounts of Garcilasso de la Vega.

I wish to express my sincerest thanks to the officials and captains of the Royal Mail Steam Packet Company, the *Compañía Sud-Americana de Vapores*, and the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, for their many kindnesses and courtesies; to the Peruvian Corporation, especially to its representative in Lima, Mr. W. L. Morkill, aptly called the "King of Peru," for the exceptional opportunities he gave us to see out-of-the-way places and interesting festivals with the comfort of a private car, and to the new-found friends in general who taught us what hospitality could mean to the stranger in a strange land.

E. P.

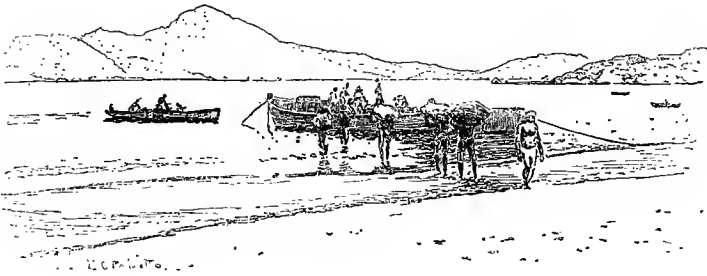
June, 1913.

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TO THE SPANISH MAIN

TO THE SPANISH MAIN

WHAT could be more delightful, upon a cold February morning, than the prospect of a voyage to southern seas—with pleasant assurance that in a day or two you will exchange the wintry blasts of the city streets for the soft trade-winds of the tropics, fanning your cheek and inviting you to languor and repose?

The winter had been a particularly severe one. Ice-packs floated along beside us all the way down the bay, and even after we had left the harbour and dropped our pilot beyond the Hook, long floes stretched dazzling white along the horizon like beaches of glittering sand.

As I looked about the deck I could scarcely realise that we were really headed for the Caribbean. These big Royal Mail packets, with their English officers

PACIFIC SHORES FROM PANAMA

and their English stewards counting in shillings and pence, seemed more like transatlantic liners (which in reality they are, sailing for Southampton via the British possessions in the West Indies) than like the usual Panama steamers.

We left upon a Saturday. All day Sunday we pounded the seas off Hatteras in a stiff sou'easter, but Monday morning dawned bright and clear, with a blue sea, diapered with those large saffron-coloured spots which come up the coast with the Gulf Stream.

Already on Tuesday the breeze blew warmer and the first signs of tropical weather appeared among passengers and crew. Sailors and deck-boys shed shoes and stockings, the ladies donned lighter frocks, and the men were shod in white. Flying-fish skipped from wave to wave, glistening like dragon-flies in the sunlight.

That afternoon we made our first land—a long island lying low upon the horizon, with a lighthouse at its highest point, Watling's Island, known to the Indians as Guanahuani. It was the landfall of Columbus upon his first blind voyage, the first bit of earth in the New World pressed by European feet, and was named by its discoverer San Salvador. Our

TO THE SPANISH MAIN

captain described it as about twelve miles long and from five to seven wide, and one of the richest of the Bahama group. Its five hundred inhabitants keep in contact with the rest of the world only by means of a few coasters that now and then put into the little reef harbour at its northern end. In a few hours we sank it in the northwest and sighted no more land that day.

When I looked out of my port-hole at dawn next morning, I could make out, between the pale-pink sky and the sea that lay calm and opalescent as a great pearl shell, a long grey streak that each moment grew more distinct, gathering intensity and form, until presently a vivid shore of green, the freshest and brightest hue imaginable, gleamed along the horizon, and I realised that we were rapidly nearing the coast of Cuba.

The sun was just rising. I scurried into cool white linens and scrambled on deck just as we were threading the narrow entrance into Nipe Bay.

Upon the one hand stood a plantation set in gardens and fields of sugar-cane, and among thick clumps of palmettoes nestled a group of native huts thatched and wattled with grass. On the opposite shore the

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tall, column-like boles of a cluster of royal palms shone brilliantly against the distant mountains that, clear-cut and blue, wreathed their summits in thick clouds like the fumes of volcanoes, so heavy and motionless they lay. Even at this early hour a drowsy softness pervaded the air—a stillness that could be felt. Was it possible that we were but four days from the snow and sleet, the icy streets and blustering winds of New York City?

Of course we landed here at Antilla, though there was nothing much to see. The usual mixture of the types and races of the torrid zone stood crowded upon the dock: a negress dressed in old-rose calico; a *mestiza* with tattooed arms and bony hands that clasped a *manta* round her yellow neck; black faces peering from the shade of purple and magenta hats, soldiers in khaki, custom-house officials in sky blue, and in the background a lumbering ox-cart discharging its load upon a waiting scow.

We weighed anchor after luncheon, and all the afternoon skirted the north shore of Cuba. Ever since we left San Salvador we had followed in the wake of Columbus groping from coast to coast upon his first voyage. After landing at Guanahuani,

TO THE SPANISH MAIN

he set sail southward to this north coast of Cuba, which he named Isabella, in honour of his queen, and



Royal Palms, Nipe Bay, Cuba

then, as we were now doing, he skirted its shore until he doubled Cape Maysi and saw Hayti, or Es-

PACIFIC SHORES FROM PANAMA

pañola, as he called it, rise from the sea to the eastward.

This Cuban coast is a long succession of beautiful blue mountains, finely drawn as the pencillings of an old Italian master, and as delicate in outline as the purple *djebels* of northern Africa. On the deck, every one was enjoying the balmy air and the prospect of the bright blue sea flecked with whitecaps. How different our passengers from the usual transatlantic crowd, bundled in shawls and veils and heavy ulsters! Wraps had been discarded, and the ladies sat about in fresh white gowns and leghorn hats, just as they would on summer verandas.

If the promenade-deck still looked Anglo-Saxon, not so the after-deck. Already it had caught the tropic atmosphere, for at Antilla we had taken aboard a crowd of Jamaican negroes as black as coal—the women lolling on the benches, the men half asleep in lavender shirts with their heads tied up in bandanas to ward off sea-sickness. In a corner a family had ensconced itself, rigging up a sort of tent made of counterpanes, one sky blue, one brick red, and the third an old-rose “spread” gaily figured with white. These were all tied together and their ends

TO THE SPANISH MAIN

anchored to various articles of luggage, to the stanchions of the deck above, or to the ship's benches. In the shade of these bellying draperies, yet fanned by the breeze, lay these West Indian darkies, a man and three women, their heads pillowed on bundles, he half covered with a table-cloth, his head near that of one of the women whose scarlet skirt was short enough to disclose the flounces of a well-starched petticoat and a pair of black slippers slashed over white stockings. From time to time another woman's hand would appear to smooth her wind-blown draperies or quiet the half-naked pickaninnies that wriggled and kicked about upon the deck beside her—an exotic picture, certainly, one to be painted by an impressionist with a broad brush and crude, primary colour.

By evening we rounded Cape Maysi and steered southward through the Windward Passage. As our prow pointed toward the Caribbean, the romance of the Spanish Main seemed to fall about us with the deepening twilight. The furrows ploughed by the Spanish caravels have closed, to be sure, and no sign marks the pathway of their keels. Ashore, some old buildings on a battle-field, a bit of ruin or an aban-

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doned road, mark the progress of history and supply the stepping-stones that link the past with the present; but at sea the waves fill in the furrows as quickly as they are ploughed. Yet the ghosts of the "high-charged" galleons seem to linger in the Caribbean, lurking behind the reefs of its islands, taking refuge in its harbours, or cresting the dancing whitecaps. In its ports the English and the French lay in wait for the Spanish argosies and Drake laid the foundation of England's supremacy on the sea, while over yonder in the lee of Cape Tiburon Morgan fitted out his expedition of free-booters and buccaneers—the most lawless lot of rascallions that ever assembled in all these pirate waters—for the sack of Panama. The flavour of their deeds still lingers in these archipelagoes—on these shores shaded by cocoa-nut palms, in their bamboo-built hamlets, and in the little harbours reefed about with coral.

Toward noon next day, Jamaica's lovely coast rose over the starboard bow. As we drew nearer we could make out the gleaming fringes of breakers along the reefs and the low shores vivid with mangoes and palmettoes. Big, vaporous mountains, purple and crowned with cumuli, rose behind, full of mystery

TO THE SPANISH MAIN

and charm. For hours we skirted this enchanting island. Then a lighthouse appeared with, near it, the wreck of a German liner breaking to pieces upon the treacherous sand—an accident that happened just after the last earthquake when the lighthouse was put out of commission.

As we stood watching it we made out, in the surf near shore, a long-boat breasting the waves, now raised high in air upon their crests, now completely engulfed in the deeps between them. Its flags, fore and aft, stood taut in the clipping breeze, and as it approached we could see its oarsmen bending sturdily over their sweeps. What a picture it made as it drew under the lee of our great bulk, the green boat in the lapis sea with its brawny negro rowers, whose bare legs and chests, wet with spray, gleamed like polished bronze! Bright bandanas were knotted about their heads, and their scant clothing, old and tattered, scarcely concealed their nakedness. In the stern-sheets sat a man who steered with one hand, while with the other he baled out the boat with a coconut shell. Now from such a boat would you not expect some John Hawkins or Captain Kidd to step forth? But the man in the stern proved only the

PACIFIC SHORES FROM PANAMA

Kingston pilot as he clambered up the rope ladder to our deck.

The boat remained bobbing in the sea as our engines started again, and supplied just the proper foreground note to this picture of old Port Royal that now began to unfold itself. On the shore side of the long sand-spit that shields the harbour from the inroads of the sea, under the protection of the British flag, where the prim barracks are now lined up, the pirates of France and England used to careen and clean their ships and prepare themselves for their next bloody foray upon the Spanish settlements and the caravels taking the "King's Fifth" to Spain.

As we rounded the end of the spit and Kingston's harbour opened before us, we could see the beaches where these pirates landed, laden with loot from the Isthmus, and swaggered up to the taverns to squander their doubloons and pieces-of-eight in riotous living. Here Mansvelt and Morgan replenished their crews and refitted their ships; here they joined forces with a fleet of fifteen vessels manned by five hundred men, and here to Port Royal Sir Henry Morgan returned after Mansvelt's death, for it was his ambition to consecrate this harbour as a "refuge and sanctuary for

TO THE SPANISH MAIN

pirates” and a store-house for their spoils. Here, too, in this town of buccaneers, he planned his raids



Negroes Selling "Rope Tobacco," Kingston, Jamaica

on Cuba and the Gulf of Maracaibo, and hence he set sail to join the fleet that he had assembled off Hayti for his attack on Panama.

PACIFIC SHORES FROM PANAMA

All these memories crowded my thoughts as we slowly steamed up to the Royal Mail dock, catching glimpses as we passed of the straight streets swarming with people that lead up toward the *vega*, extending soft, green, and tropical toward the mountains. The flimsy houses with low-pitched roofs, the coconut palms waving their long arms in the easterly trade-winds, the pelicans fishing in the bay, the Jamaican negroes that swarmed about the dock, the English-looking shops of the main street,—excellent emporia, by the way, for outfitting in the tropics,—these compose Kingston of to-day, just as they composed Kingston of yesterday.

There is an excellent hotel, set in its own gardens, but unfortunately—or fortunately, I believe—there were no rooms to be had in it, so we tried a place in the town where we dined in a picturesque court with a fountain plashing beside us, a gaudy parrot in a silver cage moping among pale moon-flowers, a pair of doves cooing in a corner—a little place, in fact, whose romantic charm had caught even an old Civil War veteran, who somehow had been side-tracked here, and who after dinner tuned up his violin, or fiddle, as he called it, and played in the moonlight.

TO THE SPANISH MAIN

Later we drove about in the darkness of the tropic night, catching glimpses of dimly lighted Rembrandt-esque figures seated in open doorways or working in shops lit by flickering lamps.

There were the Hope Gardens and the markets to be visited next morning, and at two o'clock we left for the south. The governor had come aboard to see off some distinguished friends, and the English element became even more pronounced among the passengers. Army officers in khaki greeted each other as Sir John and Sir William, and dinner-coats became the rule after sundown.

Saturday we spent on the high seas, lashed by the "doctor," as the Jamaicans call this brisk trade-wind that kicks up such a swell in the Caribbean—a wind, as the captain expressed it, that "sometimes blows the bananas off the trees"; and he was authority, too, for the following verse, showing that in February we were only seeing the "doctor" at his feeblest:

"June too soon;
July stand by;
August look out;
September remember;
October all over."

PACIFIC SHORES FROM PANAMA

Before dawn on Sunday morning I saw a light-house blinking on a headland, and the dark mountains behind Porto Bello loomed faint and grey against the sky. Then all sign of land disappeared for a while, until a tropical shore, flooded in the rosy sunrise, suffused in humid atmosphere, appeared resting on a turquoise sea. A long break-water lay to the right, a number of docks to the left. We were passed by the business-like Canal Zone doctor and soon were setting foot upon the Isthmus.

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“Then, go away if you have to go
Then, go away if you will!
To again return you will always yearn
While the lamp is burning still!

“You’ve drank the Chagres water,
And the mango eaten free,
And, strange though it seems, ’twill haunt your
dreams,
This Land of the Cocoanut Tree!”

HOW true this verse from “Panama Patchwork,” penned by poor James Gilbert, who lost his life by dwelling too long under the spell of the Isthmus—which is scarcely to be wondered at, for his “Land of the Cocoanut Tree” certainly exerts a strange and potent fascination.

The achievements of its intrepid discoverers and *conquistadores*; the romantic episodes of its treasure-trains laden with the wealth of Peru; the bloody raids of the buccaneers; the onward rush to the gold-fields

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of California—all these and, finally, the digging of the great canal compose a historic background such as few countries can boast.

Every great personage of early American history has imprinted his footsteps upon its red clay soil. In his futile search for the Straits—the mythical Stretto Cubitoso that never could be found—Columbus beat along its coast, and Colon and Cristobal, the Atlantic entrance to the canal, perpetuate his memory. From a hill in Darien, Balboa first beheld the Pacific, and the Pacific gateway to the canal will hand down his name to posterity. Pizarro and Cortez waged their first battles along its sandy shores and slew the Indians in its treacherous jungles. Hernando de Soto made it the theatre of his first explorations and there prepared himself for the discovery of the Mississippi. Sir Francis Drake sailed his first boat, the *Swan*, in the troubled waters that wash its shores, and Henry Morgan harassed its coast-towns in his bloodiest forays. De Lesseps, hero of Suez, went down to defeat before its fevers and the crooked administration of his company. Finally, American enterprise, triumphing over all obstacles, has here given its best account of the

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value of collective endeavour and carried through the dream of centuries, the greatest achievement of mankind. . . .

The town of Colon, though attractive enough when viewed from the harbour, is disappointing upon closer acquaintance. Its straight streets, flanked by two-storied houses, shaded above and below by broad verandas, remind one, to be sure, of some old town of Spanish California, but little tempts to linger. So, without regret, in a tumble-down cab we followed our luggage (given in charge to a turbaned East Indian) from the dock to the railroad station.

The ride to Panama proved full of interest. When we crossed upon this occasion the new line of the Panama Railway through the Black Swamp had just been opened, so that, beyond Gatun from the car-windows, we enjoyed rare glimpses of the virgin jungle, a tropical hortus of blooming trees, with orchids and flowering vines draped in their branches, hung amid screens of convolvuli and creepers as intricate as the pendent cords of Japanese curtains. Cane huts, primitive as those pictured by the old chroniclers in the woodcuts of their first editions, basked in the shade of cocoa-nut palms.

PACIFIC SHORES FROM PANAMA

It was a Sunday, and at each station little parties of holiday-makers—engineers, army officers in immaculate white with their fresh young wives—came aboard or dropped off to see friends at the different camps.

Each station had a physiognomy of its own. Frijoles was a collection of negro cabins clustered about a primitive church; Matachin a railroad junction; Camp Elliott an army post, smart, spick, and span; Las Cascadas a steaming centre of locomotives and car shops; Culebra a thriving-looking place where, through the open church windows, we could see the congregation at prayer.

At many of the turns we had views of the canal work. Gatun Locks and the Spillway lay near the road, and the broad artificial lake formed by the dammed-up Chagres River spread its placid waters to shores adorned with bouquets of cocoa-nut trees and graceful palms. But after Culebra little verdure was to be seen. Later the great locks of Pedro Miguel and Miraflores appeared to the right, and finally Ancon Hill rose behind the Tivoli lying close to the track in the foreground.

Thus in a little less than two hours we had accom-

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plished the journey across the continent from ocean to ocean, the only place upon the hemisphere where it is now possible to behold both oceans in a single day.

And how different the journey nowadays from what it used to be! When Balboa set out to find the South Sea he forced his way for twenty-six days through the trackless jungle before he reached the hill from which he first beheld the Pacific. Morgan and his buccaneers almost lost their lives while on their way to sack Old Panama, poling up the Chagres River to Venta Cruz, wading waist high through the swamps; cutting their way painfully with *machetes* through the pulpy undergrowth, attacked by mosquitoes and jiggers and Indians with poisoned arrows; hearing the strange quick cry of the “chicaly” bird or the “corrosou tolling his bell-like notes”; watching the monkeys play “a thousand antick Tricks” in the branches above their heads. What strange dreams must have haunted their superstitious minds! What fears must have racked their bodies, wasted by hunger and disease! In desperation they were forced to eat the leather of their clothing and accoutrements, stripped and pounded upon stones, and when, on

PACIFIC SHORES FROM PANAMA

the sixth day, they fell upon a barn full of maize, they devoured it dry and raw.

Such was crossing the Isthmus in the old days. Now even the dread of fever—the last nightmare to haunt its morasses—has been conjured away, thanks to sanitary measures that will serve as models to all the world. Under army supervision the death rate in the Canal Zone has been reduced to a lower percentage than in any of the large cities of the United States.

Panama City of to-day dates from the latter half of the seventeenth century. Old Panama, the city of the *conquistadores*, lay a few miles distant, and we shall visit its ruins presently. The newer city possesses all the picturesque features, all the charm of an old Spanish town. Its streets are not straight and regular, as in most Latin-American cities, but wriggle and turn and twist out from and back to the long Avenida Central, the main street that traverses the city from end to end, containing the principal shops and crossing all the plazas.

The houses are substantially built and washed with those pastel tones—rose, pale blue, water green, buff, and grey—of which the Spanish peoples are so fond.



The Cathedral, Panama

PACIFIC SHORES FROM PANAMA

Verandas, as in Colon, overhang all the thoroughfares, and the indolent Panamans spend much of their time upon them or lounging about the numerous cafés and hostelries.

There are several plazas. The old church of Santa Ana overlooks one; another is named for Bolívar, liberator of Spanish America and founder of its republics; and, appropriately enough, the government buildings, a little tawdry perhaps, and the post-office lie near it. The third, and this is the largest and most important, is named for the cathedral that fronts upon it—a charming square planted with handsome palms and tropical gardens. The cathedral façade, while not bearing critical analysis, has all the allure of the big Spanish churches, and the other religious edifices of the city are picturesque and sometimes rarely charming in colour.

No matter what else you miss in Panama, do not neglect a walk upon the Bovedas, or city walls that skirt the gulf. These great fortifications, the most formidable, except those at Cartagena, that the Spaniards erected in their American possessions, are forty feet in height and no less than sixty feet in thickness. Their tops afford the favourite promenade for the

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Panamans, who, toward sunset, when the heat of the day has spent itself, saunter up and down its broad esplanade enjoying the cool breeze and watching the sun slowly sink behind the hills.

No matter how long you remain in Panama, you never grow quite accustomed to the points of the compass, for the sun rises out of the Pacific and sets behind the wooded mountains of the Isthmus, which, of course, is due to the fact that Panama lies east, or rather southeast, of Colon instead of west, as one would naturally suppose.

From this sea-wall the view is beautiful. Off to the right lies Balboa, at the entrance to the canal, with the three fortified islands whose guns will command the fairway. Farther from shore Taboga and Taboguilla, lovely and wooded, rise from the blue waters, the former a healthy spot supplied with the purest of water and used by the government as a sanitarium. Other islets lie dotted about, and to the south the gulf stretches off to the Pearl Islands, coveted treasure-lands, whose gems at one time rivalled those of Ceylon and supplied the Spanish crown with some of its rarest jewels. Shoreward lies the city, encircling its harbour, dominated by the cathedral

PACIFIC SHORES FROM PANAMA

towers, whose spires are incrusting with pearl shells that, after the frequent rains, sparkle and glitter in the sunlight, serving as beacons to many a fisherman tossed in the troubled waters of the gulf.

But to my mind the sea-wall promenade is at its best at night when the wondrous stars—the stars of the southern seas—twinkle and sparkle in the firmament. Then no one disturbs your reverie but the sentry rattling his musket as he moves in his stone look-out at an angle of the walls, or the *sereno* as he whistles to and is answered by the other night watchmen. The acacias nod their delicate leaves in the night breeze that plays soft and cool upon your cheek, and out over the flat salt marshes (for the waters of the sea only lick the walls at high tide) the moon rises, touching pool after pool with silver.

To complete the evening, return to the plaza and watch the crowd that enjoys the music as the band plays: the women in black and the men in white; the natives (if it be Sunday) wearing the *pollera*, or national costume, filling an interminable string of hired carriages that slowly meander up and down the Avenida. The stately palms framing Santa Ana's

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belfry cut their silhouettes against the sky of indigo;
the tread of human feet echoes on the glazed-tiled



Avenida Central, Panama

pavement; but all is toned and put in tune by the
glamour of the southern night.

It is with a sense of rude awakening that you
enter the brilliantly lighted hall of the Hotel Tivoli

PACIFIC SHORES FROM PANAMA

—so typically American in every detail, so strangely discordant, yet so comfortable and clean, in all this tropic atmosphere.

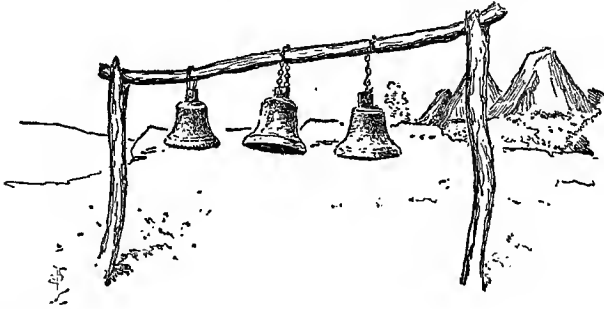
An excursion to the ruins of Old Panama can easily be managed in one afternoon, and for it we preferred a carriage to a motor, so that we could enjoy it at our leisure. Our driver was an old Jamaican negro who spoke English with a cockney accent. He knew every plant of the tropics and pointed out as we went along the guava-trees and the poincianas, gorgeous with crimson flowers; the bread-fruits nodding their great, pointed leaves; and the trumpet-trees, whose vivid foliage, lined with silver, sparkled as the wind turned it over. He called our attention also to the whistling of the coral snake, saying that “if it stings you, it’s a dirty business,” and to an iguana, brilliant, green, that stood motionless by the roadside, strange relic of the Jurassic age—an esteemed delicacy of the natives, with meat as white and tender as that of squab chicken. Mango and rose apple, cocoa-nut palm and royal palm, engaged our attention turn by turn until we reached Las Sabañas.

I do not mean to imply that the country is thickly wooded or jungle-like in character. On the contrary,

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the hills are rather bare and grass-grown like pasture lands, for all the tangle of tropic growth has been cut back in the interest of health.

After the villas of Las Sabañas, where the well-to-do Panamans make their homes in summer, a few



The Old Bells at Cruces

native huts appear, thatched and faced with dried palm leaves or plaited like baskets with straw and cane.

We now left the main road, turning aside at a prison where a huge alligator-skin, some eight feet long, was drying in the sun—product of a recent hunt. Soon we met the prisoners themselves making a new road to the beach. And here we came upon the ruins of Panama Viejo.

PACIFIC SHORES FROM PANAMA

They have been cleared lately of their tangle of underbrush, and so are seen to better advantage than they formerly were when smothered in vines and creepers. First you cross a ruined bridge, then substantial stone walls appear and foundations covering a considerable area, and finally the tall tower of the church of Saint Anastasius, rising close by the beach, overlooking the little harbour. Here lay the town that has caused such discussion among historians. The old Spanish chroniclers, with their customary enthusiasm, describe it as a great city of several thousand houses, with palaces and churches of sufficient splendour to make it resemble Venice! Benzoni, an Italian who visited it at this same early epoch, resented this comparison, and says that, on the contrary, it was nothing but a collection of rude mud huts.

The truth lay somewhere between these two extremes. The ruins that remain would certainly attest a well-built town of considerable importance, and it is probable that all about this substantial nucleus of stone clustered hundreds of flimsy constructions extending into the surrounding savannahs.

When a treasure-ship was despatched from Peru,

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an express was sent ahead to advise the people of Panama of its coming, and their governor, in his turn, notified the colonies along the Spanish Main. Upon



Ruins of Old Panama

its arrival the treasure was carried across the Isthmus by *recuas*, or donkey-trains, convoyed by strong forces of soldiers. But the English and French buccaneers, the Cimaroons, and the San Blas Indians with poisoned arrows gave them many a bitter fight upon the way. Its destination was Nombre de Dios, that,

PACIFIC SHORES FROM PANAMA

owing to its unhealthy situation, had but few permanent inhabitants. Upon the arrival of these treasure-trains, however, it filled with a multitude of merchants from Panama and the colonies along the Caribbean, who bargained and bartered for weeks. The King's galleons, that had been waiting in the safe havens of Cartagena and Santa Marta, came over to load their precious cargoes and transport the King's Fifth to Spain.

Thus upon this pebbly beach of Panama Viejo—a cove large enough for galleons but scarcely capable of accommodating half a dozen modern ships—all the wealth of the Incas, Atahualpa's ransom, the golden plates from the Temple of the Sun, the vast products of the silver mines of Potosi were landed to be transported across the Isthmus.

The shore of the little bay still bears traces of its sea-wall and, I think, of a fortress such as one sees in towns of similar importance along the Mediterranean.

As you turn your back upon the sea you look up toward the mountains, the hills from which Morgan looked down upon his prey after the misery he had suffered in crossing the Isthmus. And it was from

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their heights that, with flags flying, trumpets blowing, and drums beating a bravery, he descended to attack the doomed city. He left it some days later burned to the ground, its inhabitants tortured, robbed, or killed—so effectually wiped out that it has never been rebuilt. Two hundred beasts of burden laden with spoils and six hundred prisoners held for ransom went with him as he set out again to rejoin his boats hidden on the Chagres River near Cruces.

We returned to Panama in the spell of the late afternoon. A marked change had taken place in the aspect of the road, especially after we passed Las Sabañas, for, instead of its mid-day loneliness, it was now dotted with buggies, carriages and motors of all descriptions being, toward evening, the favourite, in fact the only, drive from Panama.

I shall not attempt any account of the wonderful canal work which, however, at the time of our visit was at its most interesting stage, the excavations at their deepest, the great cranes and derricks, steam shovels and puffing dirt-trains in full operation, and the giant locks alive with ant-like human beings crawling down below, hanging suspended on the

PACIFIC SHORES FROM PANAMA

dizzy walls, or braving death upon the red, rust-proof gates as tall as sky-scrapers.

Thanks to the courtesy of Mr. Bishop, secretary of the canal commission, who accompanied us in person, we made a rarely pleasant visit to its varied features, going about in a motor-car that runs on the tracks and therefore can follow anywhere that the dirt-trains go—that is, everywhere.

When we felt that we had seen it all we drove one day over to Balboa, and at its long dock embarked for Peru.

DOWN THE WEST COAST TO PERU

DOWN THE WEST COAST TO PERU

WHEN we boarded the steamer at Panama (or, as the new port is called, Balboa, and I like the name) we seemed to be headed for a new world. The moist and misty air, the soft hills fringed with tropical vegetation, the rich islands of the bay, Taboga and Taboguilla with their little neighbours, precipitous, yet thickly wooded down to the very water's edge, composed a picture so unlike the usual ports of embarkment in more northern climes that we settled ourselves in our chairs with a feeling of quiet expectancy, anticipating a voyage on placid waters in the doldrums under the equator. Nor were we to be disappointed.

As we slowly steamed down the gulf, the sun neared the horizon and its broad golden rays spread out great fingers behind the purple islands, making them appear, as one of the young ladies naïvely expressed it,

PACIFIC SHORES FROM PANAMA

“like the old pictures of heaven.” Long files of pelicans lazily flapped their heavy wings as they slowly made their way homeward against the evening breeze.

An hour later the faint forms of the Pearl Islands rose before us—San José to the southward; Pedro Gonzales to the north, and behind them the cloud-wreathed summit of Rey Island that screened from view Saint Michael’s Bay, where Balboa strode into the surf to take possession of the Southern Sea in the name of the Spanish King. These islands lured us on like sirens, as they had many a mariner before us, by the glint of their precious gems, to fall into the hands of some pirate, some John Sharp or his like, lurking in an inlet awaiting the galleons, gold-laden, that bore the treasure of the Incas for trans-shipment to Spain.

Following the same track that we were taking, Pizarro, nearly four hundred years ago, with his little company had set out upon his conquest of Peru. And that tall brig upon the horizon,

“Her tiering canvas in sheeted silver spread,”

might she not well be his caravel bound for Gorgona or lonely Gallo or the verdant islands of the Gulf of

DOWN THE WEST COAST TO PERU

Guayaquil? The sun had now set; the clouds parted, and the moon, hitherto hidden, poured its pale radiance upon the calm Pacific.

Next morning (how strange at sea!) I was awakened by the bleating of a lamb and by a lusty cock-crow. The Pacific Steam Navigation Company's steamers of the West Coast are a strange little world. Built for an ocean where storms are unknown, they combine certain comforts not to be found on much more pretentious boats. Their saloons and cabins are exceptionally large and open directly upon the promenade-decks that stretch the entire length of the ship, there being, properly speaking, no steerage and no second class. The natives and others who cannot afford the first-class ticket travel in the "cubierta," as it is called, a deck at the stern roofed with canvas but otherwise open, where in picturesque confusion, surrounded by bags and bundles, they loll in hammocks or lie wrapped in shawls.

Upon this deck the hen-coop faces, a big two-story affair, partly filled with ripening fruits—bananas, oranges, and the like—and partly with chickens, ducks, and other forlorn-looking fowl fattening for the table. Between decks stand your beef and

PACIFIC SHORES FROM PANAMA

mutton on the hoof, gazing mournfully up at you as you look down the hatchways.

Upon this home-like boat, quiet and contented, with no unseemly hurry, you meander down the coast at ten knots. The air is soft as a caress, and for at least eight months of the year the sea as placid as a mountain lake, a glassy mirror reflecting an azure sky.

For one who wishes to escape the rigours of a northern winter, for a lover of soft sunshine, of southern seas without the brisk trades of the Caribbean, I can imagine no more delightful voyage than this West Coast cruise, quietly gliding southward, a cloudless sky overhead in the daytime, a marvellous starry heaven at night. Little by little the North Star drops toward the horizon; little by little the Southern Cross ascends in the firmament.

It may be hot for the first day or two, but on the third day out you cross the equator and face the breeze that follows the antarctic current, Humboldt's Current, that freshens and cools what otherwise would be a hot and steamy coast. Occasionally the calm surface of the sea is ruffled, now by the spike-like fin of a shark or the blow and rounded back of

DOWN THE WEST COAST TO PERU

a grey whale; again by tortoise shining like great topazes set in opals or by silvery flying-fish skimming from wave to wave or schools of white-bellied mantas that frolic along by the steamer's side.

Three idle days pass by.

At dawn upon the fourth I distinctly heard a locomotive whistle and then the clear call of a bugle. Looking out of the state-room window, I had my first glimpse of Peru. It was quite what I had been led to expect: a long, bleak shore of sand, desolate, treeless, dry. We were anchored before Paita, but the port was still silent and the little town apparently asleep, except for an officer taking his morning ride along the beach. By the time I came on deck a boat or two had put out from shore with the doctor and the company's agent. Finally the captain of the port arrived, resplendent in his gold-laced uniform as he sat in the stern-sheets of his smart *chaloupa*, manned by four stalwart oarsmen in spotless white.

I lost all interest in him, however, as soon as I made out the queer rafts and boats that were now paddling out toward us. Here, come to life again, were the old woodcuts in Oviedo's "Historia." In the first edition of this old book, now rare and costly, pub-

PACIFIC SHORES FROM PANAMA

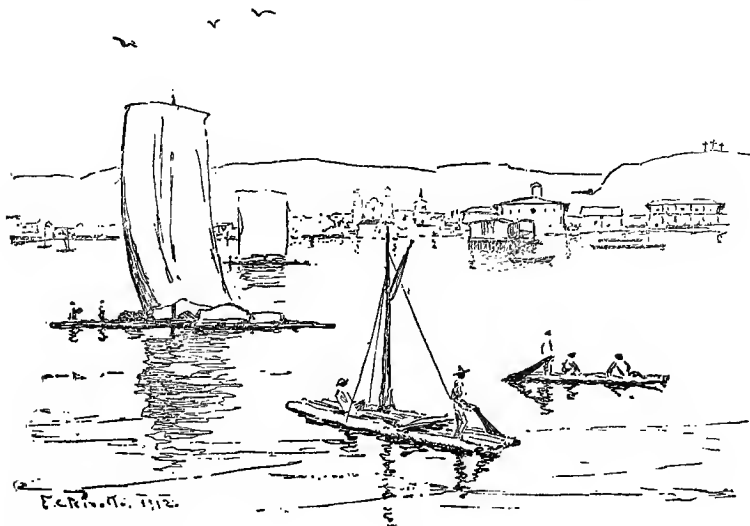
lished in Seville only a few years after the Conquest, there are quaint pictures showing the manners and customs of the natives as the Spaniards first found them: their thatched huts, their cabins perched in the tree tops, their strange animals and queer fish, and their various primitive boats. Here in this harbour of Paita these self-same craft were coming out to meet us—dugouts filled with fruit and manned by single Indians, *balsas* of cabbage-wood (a light timber common to Ecuador and Colombia) like those that brought the friendly caciques to greet Pizarro, and larger rafts, rigged with square sails, that ferried him and his little army, horses and all, from Puno to Tumbes, only a few miles distant in the Gulf of Guayaquil.

But now another flotilla approached us; this time row-boats of more modern type, painted like those of Naples, blue and green, with the *fleteros* or boatmen, the sharks of the coast, who row you ashore for whatever they can make, but are no better and no worse than their prototypes in Mediterranean waters.

We landed, and upon the dock found Indian women in black *mantas* selling green paroquets and gaudy parrots and the strange tropical fruits with which we

DOWN THE WEST COAST TO PERU

were soon to grow so familiar. We walked to the Plaza, set out with palms and dominated by the



Native Boats, Paita

towers of its church, a queer Hispano-Moorish affair in which a black-robed congregation was listening to low mass.

We looked, too, into the Gran Hotel Pacifico, where, in its dining-room, we found quite the strangest ceiling decoration that we had ever seen. It was painted by some man of real ability, not at all the same per-

PACIFIC SHORES FROM PANAMA

son who had daubed the crude marines upon the walls, but a man who understood his art. Yet his subject was worthy of a neo-impressionist. In the corners parrots and gaudy butterflies disported themselves, while eggs and fruits lay about in salvers, but the dominant note, the *raison d'être*, of the ceiling was an enormous lobster, some fifteen feet across, that spread its vermilion claws and nippers in all directions, embracing parrots and fruits, eggs and salvers, in its all-consuming clutches.

Paita is really a very old settlement, dating from colonial days. Yet a walk among its streets discloses only the most ephemeral constructions, flimsy beyond belief—houses built of dry bamboo thinly covered with plaster and mud, so thinly covered, indeed, that one can look through the cracks and chinks into the rooms themselves. The whole fabric would crumble away in an instant at the first hint of rain. But rain comes to Paita, according to legend, only once in twenty years. Notwithstanding, Paita is the wettest place on the Peruvian coast. Thence southward for hundreds of miles to the distant coast of Chili, between the Andes and the sea, it never rains, though clouds sometimes form, and at certain seasons a

DOWN THE WEST COAST TO PERU

sort of heavy mist, the *camanchaca*, hangs over the land for weeks at a time.

We weighed anchor after luncheon, and all the afternoon skirted the sandy desert of Sechura, whose yellow dunes, backed by lavender mountains, terminate at times in rocky headlands shaped like ruined castles and spotted with guano.

This was the desert that Pizarro and his men traversed after landing at Tumbez. On its outer confines they founded San Miguel di Piura, and after five months' halt decided to push on toward the mountains, leaving the coast and their ships behind them, braving the dangers of an unknown country swarming with savages. How they surmounted this mountain rampart; how, armour-clad and leading their foot-sore horses, they finally threaded its rocky defiles; how they supported the rigours of cold and exposure at the summit after the warm, tropical air of the coast; how, only two hundred strong, they seized the Inca at Cajamarca in face of his fifty thousand warriors, will ever be matters of marvel.

We reached Eten early next morning. A more desolate spot could scarcely be imagined. Sky, sea,

PACIFIC SHORES FROM PANAMA

a long, sheer, sandy bluff, an iron mole, and that was all. What town there is must lie behind the dunes.

From each of these coast ports, desolate as they may appear, railroads run inland, sometimes far, sometimes only for a short distance. From the looks of the coast one wonders where they run to, little suspecting, as we afterward found, the prolific valleys that open behind, teeming with vegetation wherever water can be found.

Harbours there are none from Guayaquil to Callao, the ships anchoring about a half-mile off shore, a fact that in these peaceful waters entails neither the discomforts nor inconveniences that it does on other coasts. Here at Eten we hoisted our new passengers aboard in a sort of car like those used in roller-coasters, four people at a time. Freight is transferred in lighters which they call *lanchas*. Even before we had been "received" by the captain of the port, several of these could be seen approaching us.

How can I describe them? They are about the size of a seagoing schooner. Five heavy beams laid across the bow form seats for ten men, whose brawny arms and well-developed deltoids and pectorals would do honour to trained athletes. Their type—

DOWN THE WEST COAST TO PERU

the broad, flat face, the high cheek-bones, the narrow eyes, set atilt, and the drooping moustache—plainly show their descent from the Chimu, that strange Chinese race whose civilisation seems to have centred about Trujillo, somewhat farther down the coast. Clad only in jerseys and trousers, bare-headed or shaded by wide-rimmed straw hats, each lays hold of a gigantic sweep, five on a side. And how they row, wing and wing, throwing the whole weight of their mighty frames upon the oars, rising in their seats till standing—the only boatmen I ever saw who suggested the galley-slave of the Egyptians or the men who manned the Roman triremes!

It is only a three hours' run from Eten to Pacasmayo. On the way you catch glimpses of higher mountains, buttresses of the Coast Cordillera, and by the shore see little groups of fishing-huts clustered in the coves. We had thought the frail *balsas* of Paita the most daring of seagoing craft, but now we came upon others more daring still—the *caballitos* (little horses), tiny boats but six or eight feet long that, at a distance, look like the forward end of a gondola. They are made of two cylinders of straw lashed together and diminishing toward the prow, where they

PACIFIC SHORES FROM PANAMA

tilt sharply upward. The lone fisherman sits astride of them, his feet dangling in the water at either side, and thus he puts to sea, a sort of Triton bestriding his sea-horse.

Pacasmayo lies in a wide-open roadstead enclosed by golden sand hills, behind which rise chains of lofty mountains, a long wall of blue, deceptive, apparently peaceful and soft in the distance, but jagged and precipitous at closer quarters and traversed only by mule-paths. Yet should I like to have crossed them, for beyond their lofty summits, hidden in a lovely valley, lies Cajamarca, alluded to above, the "City of Atahualpa's Ransom," the Inca town that played so important a part in the story of the Conquest.

Another quiet night on shipboard sleeping with that dreamy contentedness that comes over one on a calm sea, and at dawn the following morning we were anchored off Salaverry, the most picturesque of the ports we had yet seen. The sun was just rising in a film of clouds. Behind the dunes that clasped the bases of the mountains in a firm embrace rose the ranges of the Andes, fold upon fold, first the foothills, purple-clad, then the fainter Coast Cordillera, and finally, blue and distant, the Black Cordillera.

DOWN THE WEST COAST TO PERU

But the Cordillera Real, the royal range of towering peaks, is not for the wayfarer by the coast. Once in a while on a clear, calm evening toward sunset a gleaming snow-capped peak may be descried like a cloud in the sky, but otherwise these mountain giants jealously guard their summits for the pilgrims to their shrine. Soon we were to become such pilgrims and see for ourselves the glories of their mighty heights.

We landed at Salaverry and were delighted with the broad strand, worthy of an Ostend or a Brighton, that stretches in a wide curve off toward Trujillo, founded by Pizarro and named by him for his birth-place in Estremadura, whose white domes and towers lay some miles distant like a mirage of the Orient among palms and verdant valleys.

Salaverry itself is a low, one-storied affair whose broad, straight sandy streets with their wooden houses are strongly reminiscent of some of our Western frontier towns. Yet Spanish civilisation has put a picturesque impress upon it—upon its windows with their iron *rejas*; upon its broad verandas barred with screens and used as outdoor rooms; and upon the life of its streets, where women in black, half

PACIFIC SHORES FROM PANAMA

hidden in sombre doorways, call to the *aguador* as he peddles his donkey-load of water from door to door, and half-naked street urchins vend *chirimoyas* and alligator pears at the street-corners.



A Grated Veranda, Salaverry

Upon the beach the fishermen mend their nets near the *caballitos* drying in the sun that stand erect against gaily painted fishing-smacks. It was a Sunday morning, so the strand was dotted with bathers, diving in the surf or chasing each other in wild races



The Aguador Peddles His Donkey-Load of Water

DOWN THE WEST COAST TO PERU

across the hard-packed sand, among them the children of the British vice-consul, the only foreigners upon the scene.

Again we weighed anchor after lunch, and as we sailed southward the coast grew more and more majestic. Never a note of green, to be sure, but, by compensation, behind the fringe of golden sand that skirts the sapphire sea, range upon range of mountains, always varied, ever broken into a thousand cones and pinnacles and as changeable in hue as a chameleon, flecked by fleecy cloud shadows through the whole gamut of greys, lavenders, and purples. At times the dunes would break as at Chimbote and inland valleys open green as gardens. Toward evening the level sun rays warm these ashen mountains, burnishing them like bronze, and their deep *quebradas* and rocky gorges by contrast are plunged into indigo shadows of a strength and intensity quite beyond belief.

Occasionally islands whitened with guano lie upon the sea, and upon them nest myriads of birds, and along the water's edge flocks of glistening sea-lions bark and snarl and wriggle and fight or disport themselves in the surf. Our captain took us quite close to one of these islets—so close, indeed, that with the

PACIFIC SHORES FROM PANAMA

naked eye we could plainly see the innumerable birds, both shags and murre, that peopled its honeycombed pinnacles. Just as we passed he blew two mighty blasts upon the siren, and every seal threw itself headlong into the sea, while the birds in one enormous cloud that darkened the sun left their nests, flying far out to sea—a mist of golden dust rising from the island raised by the whirl of their countless wings.

For the first time in several days no land was in sight the following morning. But by ten o'clock the long, tawny hills of San Lorenzo Island appeared above the horizon, and we made Callao harbour within an hour. There lay a great variety of shipping, from the clean, white, English-built cruisers of the Peruvian navy and the smart "home-boats" of the Pacific Steam Navigation Company to old hulks anchored to the northward, whose only passengers or crew were the gulls and pelicans that settled in their rigging or perched along their decks.

Our steamer was immediately surrounded by a swarm of small boats, each manned by a shouting crowd of *fleteros*, that made a gay and brilliant scene, painted in the brightest colours and covered with awnings not unlike those used upon the Italian lakes.

DOWN THE WEST COAST TO PERU

We went ashore with friends in the company's motor-launch, got through the customs quickly, and soon were in the train bound for Lima, only eight miles distant.

I rubbed my eyes as we sped along. Was I in Peru in early March or in California in September? It was surely the end of summer, for here were fields of ripened corn, there venders of luscious grapes. The cattle grazing in the parched fields, the Rimac roaring over its stony bed, the tawny shores of San Lorenzo wreathed with fog like the Contra Costa hills, the files of eucalypti, even the whistle of the American-built locomotive and the clang of its bell, recalled like magic the country that surrounds the Bay of San Francisco or hides in the depths of Sonoma Valley.

But there across the aisle sat a major in his Franco-Peruvian uniform, while in front of him a group of young subalterns in the same neat clothes conversed amiably to ladies in rather boisterous hats, and in the coach ahead, second class, the *cholos* and other mixed races that we could see proved beyond a doubt that we were in Peru.

LIMA, CITY OF THE KINGS

LIMA, CITY OF THE KINGS

LIMA is a flat city whose straight, wide streets are as regular in plan as those of any metropolis of the New World. Pizarro is said to have laid it out, and if he did so he used a T-square and no imagination, merely leaving one empty block in the centre for a Plaza de Armas. Like all cities built upon this checker-board system, it lacks both the picturesqueness and charm of the mediæval town and the dignity and stateliness of the modern city whose converging streets meet to frame views of important monuments.

Despite this drawback, however, Lima has a physiognomy all its own. Throughout the colonial period it was the capital of the Spanish-American colonies, the residence of the viceroy and of the nobility. Hence it contains, more than any other South American city, notable examples of Hispanic architecture little suspected by the average tourist.

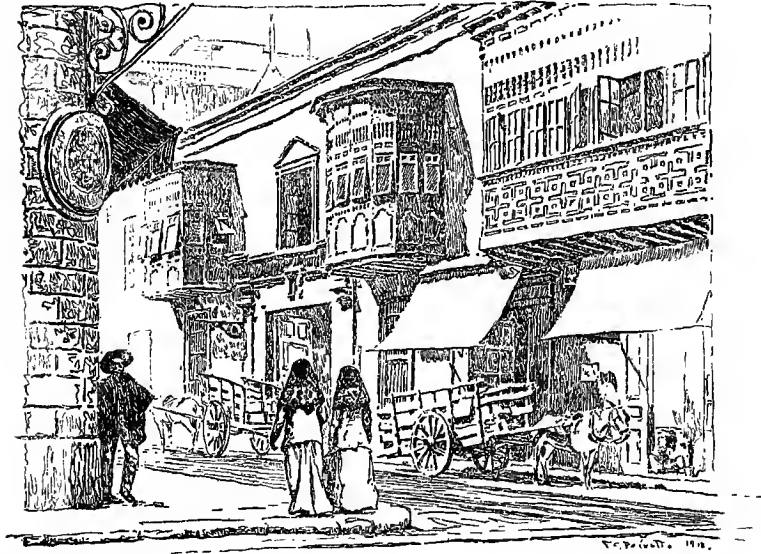
PACIFIC SHORES FROM PANAMA

The streets, too, have distinct individuality, imparted to a great extent by the *balcones*, adaptations of the Oriental *moucharaby*, or *mirador*, often elaborately carved, that project from the upper story of almost every house, far out over the sidewalks, sometimes occurring uninterruptedly for blocks at a time. They are most practical, allowing the air to pass freely to the rooms within, yet screening the house walls from the direct rays of the sun. The people, especially the women, live upon them, flitting behind their long rows of windows as they pass from room to room or leaning over the rail to watch the life in the streets below. The shops, too, are peculiar, being without fronts—wide open during the daytime and closed by long series of folding wooden doors at night.

Much interest is also imparted to these streets by the stately palaces, mostly dating from the viceregal period, that are encountered in all the principal thoroughfares. They present a rather forbidding aspect, with their great walls pierced only by a few barred windows and by their monumental *porte-cochères*. But look through one of these vast doorways, and all is gaiety within. In an instant you are transported

LIMA, CITY OF THE KINGS

to Spain and the sunlit courts of Andalusia. Here the same *patios*, washed with pale pastel tones and paved with tiles or coloured marbles, bask in the



"Balcones," Lima

sunlight, decked with palms and oleanders screened behind iron gratings of intricate and artistic workmanship. Through pavilions at the rear you catch glimpses of other gardens beyond. The whole scheme, cool, airy, framing the peep of blue sky overhead,

PACIFIC SHORES FROM PANAMA

seems singularly well adapted to this land of soft sunshine.

The Plaza is a handsome square, well paved, neatly kept, and adorned with beautiful tropical gardens set with flowers and stately palms, and ornate lamp-posts supporting arches of lights for festivals. It is surrounded on two sides by *portales*, or arcades, lined with shops. The third side is occupied by the palace and the fourth by the cathedral.

This last is not as interesting as some of the other great Peruvian churches. It was apparently made over in the last century, when a wave of classic revival swept away many of the picturesque plateresque constructions of the Latin-American churches and substituted cold Roman columns and arches for the elaborate pediments and richly carved surfaces of the Churrigueresque artists. So now the cathedral lacks much of that interest that one expects to find in a building of its age. The interior, too, suffers at first sight from the same cause, yet upon closer investigation the choir and chapels yield notable works of art. There are, for example, the massive silver high altar and the rarely beautiful *silleria*, rows of richly carved stalls ornamented with good statues of saints



Lima Cathedral from the Bodegones

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and apostles enshrined in ornate canopies or framed in elaborate panelling—all done in cedar wood after the best Hispanic traditions. The Chapel of the Purissima, too, is a fine piece of plateresque not yet debased by the barocco, and we discovered in the sacristy a delightful little Moorish fountain of alabaster, the glint of whose tiles in the penumbra and the splash of whose water in the silence recalled to us some inner court of the Alhambra.

In the Chapel of the Virgen Antigua, under the benign eyes of a placid Virgin and Child sent over from Spain by Charles V, a modest white casket with open glass sides contains the remains of that wonderful ruffian, that intrepid *conquistador*, Francisco Pizarro. As I looked at his dried bones and mummified flesh exposed thus publicly to the gaze of the curious, lying upon, but in no way shrouded by, a bed of purple velvet, his entrails in a bottle at his feet, I wondered if it was with design that his remains are so displayed. Is it mere chance that this poor tomb is all that marks his final resting-place? Is it by mere neglect that no monument to him (at least to my knowledge) exists in all Peru?

During the last stormy days of his life he occupied

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the palace that he built across the Plaza. This vast, rambling pile is worthy of a visit, not merely because it is the actual residence of the President, the White House of Peru, but because of its historic associations.

A big doorway, where a company of soldiers always mounts guard, admits to an outer court, vast in scale, across which you reach a stairway that leads to a broad upper corridor, severely chaste, white and fresh, and open to the sky throughout its entire length. A series of apartments leads off on either hand, and sentinels challenge you at each door, for revolutions are frequent. But under the guidance of the President's chief aide-de-camp, a colonel of distinction and courtly manners, we visited in turn the various reception-rooms, with their ornately gilded furniture of the viceregal period, and saw the vice-roy's throne that still, standing under its baldaquin but shorn of its imperial ornaments, does duty for the President. We admired, too, the proportions and acoustics of the long banquet-hall, a bit shabby, perhaps, but hemmed in between two of the lovely tropical gardens that are incorporated within the palace walls, some of their ancient fig-trees, we were told, dating from the days of Pizarro.



In the President's Garden

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The apartments that he occupied open upon an inner corridor, long and narrow, down which the old lion at bay fought Rada's men, single-handed, toward the street and safety. At the foot of its last step you are shown a small white stone that is said to mark the spot where he fell, wounded to the death, and where, dipping his finger in a pool of his own blood, he traced a cross upon the ground, expiring as he kissed it.

I had the rare good fortune, while in Lima, to procure as my cicerone a certain police commissioner (that is the best translation I can make of his title) who knew every corner of the capital and apparently every one in it. Whether in the halls of the President's palace, or the grim corridors of the penitentiary, or the dark aisles of the churches, he seemed equally at home, and every one treated him as a friend. His kindness was of great value to me, for, strange as it may seem, there exists no guide-book to Lima, and it is difficult to ferret out the points of interest.

With him I visited the monasteries, and was certainly surprised by what I found in them. Nothing that I had heard, nothing that I had read, had pre-

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pared me for what I saw, for they have been strangely neglected by travellers. Yet to my mind they are among the chief features of the city—of interest both because of their vast extent as well as for the numerous art treasures that they contain.

The finest belongs to the Franciscans and faces upon one of the prettiest little squares of the city, the Plaza of San Francisco. To visit it you enter a sort of vestibule whose lower walls are completely covered with beautiful Mudejar tiles in which little amorini alternate curiously with grim deaths' heads. Borders of deep lapis blue frame the panels and completely surround the great doorway that occupies one end of the hall. In answer to a knock the little wicket opens, a few words are exchanged, the heavy door swings, a brown friar steps back to let you pass, and you enter another world—a world of seclusion and quiet, of cloister courts with brown monks moving silently about or digging in the flower-beds, of ancient pictures depicting the life of good Saint Francis looking down from their golden frames upon sunlit gardens filled with the bright bloom of the tropics.

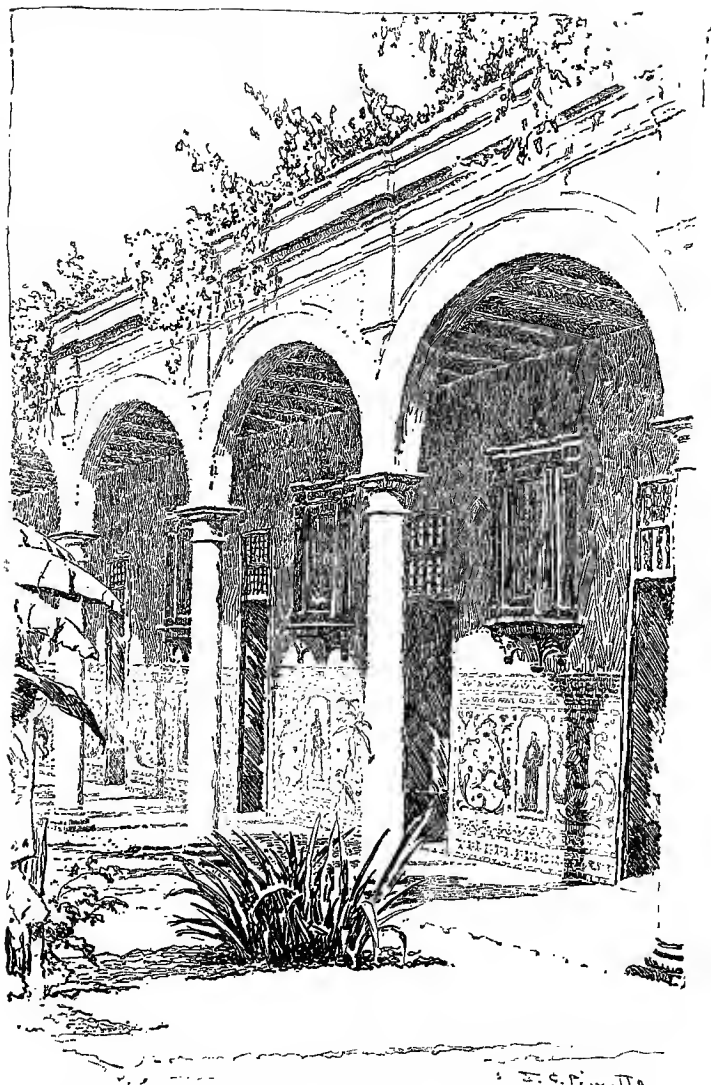
It would be quite impossible to describe the labyrinths of this convent's courts, the varied features of

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its trinity of churches and its thirteen chapels with their carved *coros* and gilded altars. But its chief interest lies in the beautiful *azulejos*, or glazed tiles, that completely cover the lower walls and pillars of its cloisters. These date mostly from the early years of the seventeenth century and are of great variety. Some are patterned with the rich designs of the high Renaissance; others with figures of brown-cowled monks; others again with heraldic monsters or with those intricate arabesques that the Moors introduced into Spain. Moorish, too, is the beautiful flattened dome that covers the main stairway, a great half-orange of cedar wood, unfortunately now falling to decay, but still retaining enough of its original inlay of ebony and bone to recall its pristine glory.

The Dominicans possess an equally beautiful monastery though not as extensive a one. It is the oldest in Lima, and, like San Francisco, is richly adorned with tiles that date from the second decade of the seventeenth century, many of them evidently designed expressly for the convent, depicting scenes in the history of the Dominican order.

Through the upper loggia of one of the inner courts, whose rose-coloured walls act as a foil to a pale-green



Cloister of San Francisco, Lima

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fountain in the centre, you reach the library, a quiet room divided by arches resting upon slender columns. On the morning of my visit a painter was graining the shafts of these columns to imitate marble. Several brothers in white stood watching him, their shaven heads and intellectual faces (for these Dominicans are of a studious stamp) making an attractive picture for some Vibert or Zamacois against the golden background of parchment-covered books lit by the sunlight that filtered through the leaded windows. There are other monasteries of lesser note, repetitions on a smaller scale of these great ones.

Of Lima's churches, San Pedro makes the richest effect. It is the fashionable church of the city, and its dark aisles, with their deep-toned paintings set in elaborate gilded frames, their polychrome saints and martyrs looking out from niches charged with carvings that wake the shadows with the glow of their golden ornaments, their *retablos* toned with the smoke of incense and the dust of years, form a fine background indeed for the beautiful women that frequent it—women whose pallid faces gleam like ivory from beneath the lacy folds of the mantilla or the sombre pleats of the heavy manta.



Patio of the Torre Tagle Palace, Lima

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The palace of the Torre Tagles without doubt takes precedence over all the secular buildings of the city.

Its superb *balcones*, the finest in the city, would alone arrest your attention, or its doorway, the best example of the Churrigueresque style that I saw in Peru. You may or you may not like this form of architecture, with its bizarre proportions, its broken pediments, its general lack of organism, but the mere bulk of this entrance, the grandeur of its scale and absence of finicky detail will prepare you for the splendid court-yard within. This great patio is reached through a deep vestibule where, after the fashion of Spanish palaces, steps are arranged for mounting and dismounting from horses.

The court itself is shaded by a broad projecting balcony of cedar wood left without paint or varnish, its columns, arches, and balustrades richly carved, and its supporting corbels, elaborate and intricate in detail, ornamented with heads of animals and men that, though Hispanic in design, are evidently the handicraft of highly skilled Indian workmen.

A broad staircase, whose glazed tiles imitate a stair-rail upon the one hand, while its mahogany stair-rail

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imitates these same tiles upon the other, leads to the upper balcony where the main apartments open. These are spacious and handsome and still contain much of their antique furniture of the viceregal period, among other things two superb wardrobes, royal objects of massive design completely encrusted with mother-of-pearl, silver, and tortoise-shell, the viceroy of Mexico's wedding gift to an ancestor of the family. Handsome portraits of gentlemen in wigs and the elaborately embroidered coats and waistcoats of the eighteenth century, and of ladies in the voluminous skirts and powdered hair of the same period, complete a picture of aristocratic life under the Spanish régime.

The Torre Tagles, who counted among their members two viceroys and the first President of Peru, were a family of great importance, as many things about the palace testify. By royal grant, a pair of cannon, their noses planted in the ground at either side of the vestibule, gave right of asylum to any one who passed between them. In one corner of the patio a heraldic lion carved in wood supports a post from which hung the scales that weighed the gold and silver for the King's troops, the head of this family

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having been for centuries paymaster of the army and navy. The great collection of pictures that they owned, once the most notable in Peru, is now being dispersed, and their state coach, a gilded calèche worthy of the royal stables of Madrid, has been bequeathed to the National Museum, where it now forms the central object in the colonial collection.

This National Museum, with the National Library, and San Marcos University founded in 1551, the oldest in the New World, form the three important institutions of learning in the capital.

The museum's well-ordered cases, arranged by an enthusiastic German archæologist, afford an excellent opportunity to study the civilisation of the Incas, containing, as they do, rare picture cloths from Tiahuanaco, with their strange conventionalised figures



Weighing-Post in the Torre Tagle Palace

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of animals and men; quaintly fashioned *huacos* (funeral urns) that, like the Greek and Etruscan vases, give us the best documents we have of the manners and customs of the times; and row upon row of those strange, seated mummies whose knees touch their chins and whose faces are covered with masks of gold, silver, or vicuña cloth, according to their social standing.

The National Library is again of importance. I say again, for during the Chilian invasion it was ruthlessly looted and its priceless treasures carried off by a pack of vandals. Now, however, through the unremitting efforts of Don Riccardo Palma, one of the most brilliant literary lights of Latin America, whose "Recuerdos de Lima" forms the classic collection of the city's tales and legends, it has again attained to a certain degree of its former importance.

San Marcos University looks much as it did in colonial days, and its sunny cloisters, with their white arcades, still echo the footsteps and voices of students preparing for the liberal professions.

It is in one of the populous quarters of the city—one of the districts where you may still see some of

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the curious street types of Lima: the *aguador* vending his water, or the *lechera* peddling her milk, mounted high upon her pillion, a Panama hat upon her head, her huge cans, bound in calf-skin sacks, dangling at either side of her ambling pony. Here, too, or over in the Malambra quarter, near where the favourite of the viceroy Amat dwelt in seclusion in the Casa Perricholi, you will find the vendors of *chicha*, the national drink, women who smoke cigars and carry bamboo canes, and the *panaderos* who cover their bread-baskets with bright-red parasols. And at any time, in any street, you may meet the *capeador*, perhaps the most characteristic of all the Lima types, mounted upon his pacing pony of Arab stock, whose hair saddle-cloths, silver-mounted bridle, and housings over the tail will recall the trappings of the mediæval knights.

The business streets of the city are animated; the better shops full of attractive imported articles, especially wearing apparel, for the women are smart and well dressed, devoting much of their time and attention—too much, perhaps—to their clothes. If you want to see a group of them, go in the winter season to the race-course, or in the bathing season,

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December to April, upon a Sunday morning, to La Punta, a little resort reached by trolley.

And if you want to see more of them and in more attractive surroundings, go some Sunday evening to Barranco, and especially to Chorrillos, where a broad promenade skirts the sea. The scene in many ways would remind you of some lesser resort on the Riviera—the broad terrace with its balustrades and seats, the music in the band-stand, the palm gardens, the villas new and bright overlooking the terrace, and the sea among whose lazy rollers far below lies the yacht club with its phantom boats.

With a bit of energy, with the impetus of a few enthusiastic citizens, Lima could be made most attractive as a winter resort. When the Canal is opened, I dare say it will become one, especially when some hotel not yet in existence, but soon to be, I hear, shall have been constructed, set in wide gardens.

THE OROYA RAILWAY

THE OROYA RAILWAY

I

TO THE ROOF OF THE WORLD

AND then there is the Oroya Railway. What city in the world can boast such an attraction at its very doors? Where else can you, in the short space of a few hours, ascend from the coast, from palms and mango groves, bananas and tropical gardens, to the snow and ice of eternal winter, to heights above the utmost summit of Mont Blanc?

All this is possible through the pluck, ingenuity, and indomitable perseverance of a certain American promoter, a picturesque figure of the sixties, Henry Meiggs. He it was who conceived this gigantic scheme to scale the dizzy steeps of the Andes, and he it was who carried to execution this first railroad, and the only one that crosses these icy summits at

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such an elevation, to this day the "highest railway in the world." No matter what else you may see in this mundane sphere of ours, you will never forget the day you climbed the Oroya Railway.

We made the trip under exceptionally favourable auspices. A private car, most comfortable in all its appointments, was put at our disposal, and in it we lived, with two excellent servants to care for us.

Instead of leaving Lima by the early morning train, as is usually done, our car was attached to the afternoon passenger and left at Chosica for the night, a station about twenty-five miles distant and a little less than three thousand feet above the sea, used as a resort, a sort of *cure d'air*, by the Limanians. After dinner we walked about its streets, and, in the semi-darkness of the tropic night, enjoyed its villas set in palm gardens, their windows and doors wide open and the occupants sitting upon verandas or chatting in the brightly lighted drawing-rooms.

As I awoke in the early morning I could hear our engine breathlessly climbing from height to height, puffing like a winded horse, and could see in the grey, dim dawn the long fingers of banana-trees swaying in the breeze and the clustered palms rustling their dry



On the Oroya Railway

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leaves. Dark-blue slaty hills shut us in, and at the bottom of the gorge the Rimac stormed along, a roaring torrent.

As it grew lighter we reached the first switchback, the only device used on this wonderful road, standard gauge, to overcome the difficulties of climbing the dizzy heights. Here, too, we came upon the first *andenes*, those Inca terraces still in use, irrigated with painstaking toil by canals that deflect the waters of the river along the faces of the cliffs. Below us lay the narrow river valley, divided, like a large green relief map, into states and territories by wriggly stone walls, and dotted here and there with cattle, impossibly small,

The vegetation was changing. Along the track grew strange cacti whose long green fingers stood erect and serried as organ pipes. Loquats and figs and masses of wild heliotrope were still to be seen, though we had passed the six-thousand-foot level.

We slowed down at Matucana while the engine took a drink, and we had a glimpse of its clean little hotel and gaily painted houses opposite the station. Two Franciscan friars and a group of *serranos*, mountaineers, in *ponchos*, or bright skirts, disappeared

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within the little pink church for early mass. Early mass! And we had already climbed more than a mile in altitude that morning.

But we were only beginning our ascent. Our engine, having caught its breath and greased its joints, started again to puff and snort and haul us from switchback to switchback. In the next ten miles we attained the ten-thousand-foot level, and as I looked on the one hand at the dullish purple cliffs with their varied stratifications and at the deep-red ones opposite, I thought of the Colorado Midlands and of the splendours of Marshall Pass, and of the time, years ago, when the crossing of that divide, at the same altitude that we now were, constituted an accomplishment of considerable moment.

From our observation platform at the rear of the train we looked down into giddy abysses where the Rimac now raced in a succession of cascades, while above us towered great crags covered with tunas and cacti. Every now and then a snow-peak would appear, touching the heavens. The sun had burst forth, dispelling the morning vapours. We penetrated into a region of glistening granite and porphyry. The Rimac boiled through a chasm and disappeared



The Narrow River Valley Like a Relief Map

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into a cave. Between two tunnels we breathlessly crossed the Infiernillo Bridge—well named in this chaos of Hades.

The air became decidedly cooler, not to say cold, after the soft warmth of the coast, and the mountain people that we saw, wrapped in shawls and woollens, showed this change. At the next station we spied the first llamas, those strange Peruvian beasts of burden, with liquid, scornful eyes and ears tipped with red worsteds, silently munching by the track. In an instant they were gone as we sped along upward. What walls to climb, what cliffs! Switchback and loop, tunnel and bridge, higher and ever higher we go! In the next two miles we climbed five hundred feet; after that three thousand more in but fifteen miles.

We had now ascended to a bleak and stony wilderness. The mighty Rimac had dwindled to a tiny stream, a thread of water but a few feet wide, boiling over the rocks. Vegetation there was none. Soft, fleecy clouds gathered again about us, and here, nearly fourteen thousand feet above the sea, Pedro served us our lunch. It was no common experience, I assure you, to partake of so delicate a repast almost

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three miles above the sea: alligator pears at the beginning, fresh-picked that morning at Chosica, *chirimoyas* and wonderful Italian grapes from Ica at the end, and in between fresh green corn, though it was the month of March!

And what a panorama from the window before which the table was spread! Oh, the grandeur and the beauty of colour of this high Cordillera, its dark greys spotted by golden greens, the gamuts of reds and ochres and chromes of the great coppery mountains that shut us in! The last two hundred feet of altitude was apparently the steepest grade—the greatest strain of all—for our engine snorted continuously and stopped to catch its breath and get up steam again to fight this extraordinary altitude. Again we looked into bottomless pits; again we passed through tunnel after tunnel, and at last emerged upon the verge of Lake Ticlio—a pale-green mirror of murky water, barren as a landscape on the moon. Beyond it rose bald snow-peaks, gaunt and desolate. Breathless, we had reached the summit of the pass up above the clouds, again in the sunshine.

At Ticlio our car was detached and we were

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switched off on the Morococha branch, to begin to climb once more. Not for long, however; only to Anticona, a desolate spot without a house in sight, but the highest point ever yet attained by any railroad, fifteen thousand eight hundred and sixty-five feet above the sea-level.

The frozen peaks of the Black Cordillera, seamed with greenish glaciers and deep crevasses, encompassed the lakes of Anticona, one green, one purple, below which other lakes in the clouds at times appeared, then hid again in flying vapours. We skirted each of these lakes in turn, one after the other, and, as we crossed the last of them upon a narrow causeway, beheld visions of others still, lower, matchless in colour, about which the ground was scratched and rasped by greedy human hands digging in the copper mines of Morococha.

Morococha lies in a valley between the last two lakes, its yellow-ochre houses scarcely visible, so well do they harmonise with their dark surroundings. We were welcomed at the station by two American engineers—strange to find at this extraordinary altitude. While we were talking to them a loud clap of thunder suddenly broke the stillness, the clouds

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gathered thickly, and one of those swift Andean thunder-storms, so common at these heights, was unchained about us. What deluges! what a roaring of the elements! For our return journey to Ticlio a transformation had taken place. The snow was falling heavily, the green and purple lakes had now become leaden and angry-looking, and the peaks and their glaciers were enveloped alike in a thick white mantle, only a crag or two emerging here and there, like the black tippets upon an ermine cloak.

In the chaos of snorting engine and warring elements, we were attached at Ticlio to a lone locomotive and proceeded as a special through the long Galera tunnel that pierces an abutment of the Monte Meiggs (named for the builder of the road), the highest point on the main line. It was about four o'clock as we sped down the eastern slopes to the great central plateau of Peru, through a perfect avenue of giant mountains, the snow falling unceasingly until it changed to rain, and green valleys began to succeed the snow-fields. At six o'clock we pulled into Oroya for the night.

II

XAUXA AND HUANCAYO

OROYA proved, by the morning light, to be but a desolate little town set in a valley walled about by high grey mountains and drained by a saffron-tinted river that rushed madly toward the south. The natives peddling vegetables in the street or huddled about the station, the llama-trains in the corrals, the quaint music of a primitive harp that floated in the air gave us a foretaste of what we were now setting out to see: the market at Huancayo.

The sun did not top the great bald mountains until nine o'clock, and at ten we drew out of the station en route for Xauxa. The track followed the course of the Mantaro River, descending, as it did so, to a succession of lower valleys, one after another, that grew richer and more productive as we sped along. Here, under this tropical sun, ten to eleven thousand feet seems to be about the right altitude. This

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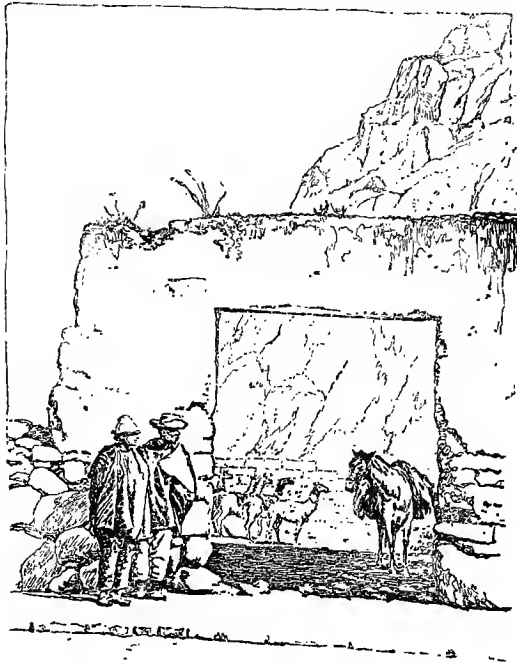
the Incas realised, for the principal seats of their civilisation lay in these inland valleys hemmed in by the mighty Cordillera.

Now, at the end of the rainy season (their March corresponds to our September), all was lovely and green. Fields of alfalfa succeeded to barley patches, the rocky ledges glowed with yellow marguerites, and spans of big white oxen dragged primitive wooden ploughs through the earth, softened by rains. In more arid spots a lonely shepherdess would sit with her dog watching her grazing herd. Cattle and sheep raising is the chief industry of the country, for the hay and grass continually resows itself.

At the end of the valley lay Llocllapampa, an old Quichua town, set in olive-groves and fields of wild mustard. Beyond it we ran alongside of a cactus-bordered road that from time to time crossed torrents pouring down from the mountains to swell the mighty Amazon. This was the sort of highway that Pizarro followed when he marched upon Cuzco from Caxamarca, and these were the very valleys through which he passed, whose simple natives stood amazed at his men of steel bestriding great animals beside which their llamas looked small and tame indeed.

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At one point in our ride some sheep and cattle were grazing along the track and two mounted



Entrance to a Corral, Oroya

herdsmen in vivid *ponchos* came to round them up, galloping across a frail bridge that rocked and swayed under the weight of their horses, being slung across

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the chasm only by means of willow withes like those the Incas used to twist.

But the Spanish have definitely imposed their imprint on the land. The pink-roofed villages that hug the hillsides are true bits of Spain; the cemeteries, walled about and towered at the corners, are Hispanic in character, and the *haciendas* are all of the Spanish type.

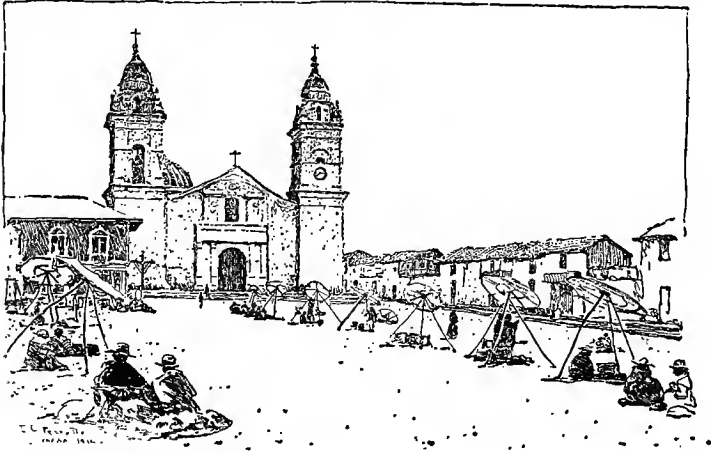
Now the country grew wild and treeless again, and we passed through a gorge mined out by water like the Grand Canyon of the Colorado. And then, in a veritable oasis of eucalyptus groves, lying in the broad valley whose richness was so often mentioned by the ancient chroniclers, we came upon Xauxa sunning its pink-tiled roofs in the afternoon light.

The station lies just beyond the town, and is walled about and enclosed by gates like most of the principal depots along the Peruvian railways. So it was with pleasant anticipation that we looked forward to a peaceful night in our comfortable car out under the stars in the country.

Dazzling white houses, whose broad eaves stretch out to shade the narrow sidewalks, border the streets that lead to the plaza—a vast square out of all pro-

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portion to the low buildings that surround it and to the market uses to which it is put. It was none the less picturesque with its wriggling lines of vendors



The Plaza, Xauxa

squatting in the shade of their primitive parasols and its churches and public buildings ranged about it.

The most important church is a large edifice of no special architectural interest, being a sort of echo of the Cathedral of Lima. But its interior has escaped restoration and makes a dignified appearance with its white walls and single barrel-vault that frame a

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superb reredos occupying the entire east end of the church—one of those amazing structures, gilded, painted, and ornamented with statues, pictures, columns, and cornices that, in this case, are held well within bounds, restrained, and fretted by the rich but flat detail of the plateresque rather than the wanton exuberance of the baroque. What a treasure-trove for some museum, this fine piece of Spanish art hidden in the mountains of Peru!

With some difficulty we found a crazy old carriage to drive us out to call upon a charming Spanish family who possess a villa on the banks of a lake some distance down the valley. The rough road led off through lanes of century plants into the open country.

Now we could see the hills behind the town crowned with Inca ruins—sole remnants of the very considerable Indian town that once played so conspicuous a part in the Wars of the Conquest and the civil wars that followed. Here, along the Mantaro, the Inca warriors, relying upon the width of the river as a barrier, made their first determined stand against Pizarro during his march upon Cuzco. But the impetuosity of the Spanish riders, whose horses plunged

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into the stream, swimming and wading to the opposite bank, soon put them to rout and sent them fleeing toward the mountains.

Here, too, at Xauxa, Pizarro spent many anxious days awaiting news of De Soto, sent ahead to reconnoitre; and, further to add to his troubles, his creature, the young Inca Toparca, whom he had set upon the throne of Atahualpa, died, a victim, it was supposed, of poison.

The ride to the lake gave us a pretty glimpse of this valley of Xauxa with its sheep grazing in the meadows, its long files of eucalypti and clusters of tincurals, and its flights of beautiful birds, eddying and dipping and soaring aloft in brilliant yellow clouds—principally *hilgueros* and *trigueros*—that, when they alighted in the cactus-hedges, sang as sweetly as canaries.

The villa that we visited was set upon the very waters of the lake, the long reeds brushing the veranda as they bowed in the breeze. The air was balmy, like a lovely day in spring—soft, yet with a delicious tang in it. A little removed from the shore, a group of flamingoes stood, pink and rosy, one-legged in the water. The children were presented

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for our inspection; one of the señoritas “touched” the piano; we were offered refreshments, and then before sunset started back for the town.



A Native Family, Huancayo

At dawn next morning I felt a bump and then realised that we were moving. Grey silhouettes of trees and fainter silhouettes of mountains flitted past the window.

We had been anxious to see the great market at Huancayo, and, as there is no train on Sunday morning, a special engine had been sent up for our car, so that we pulled in to the station before seven o'clock.

In spite of the early hour all was in a bustle, and when we walked into the main plaza, what a sight met our eyes! This plaza, surrounded by low houses, forms a part, as it were, of a main street broad enough

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for a metropolitan boulevard, yet it and the square were a compact, seething mass of humanity and beasts. They told us that there were between ten



Corner of the Indian Market, Huancayo

and twelve thousand Indians at that morning's market, and I fully believe it.

In the great square itself the men stood about for the most part, bartering and talking, arrayed in gaudy *ponchos* and wide-rimmed hats. The women were sitting in circular groups upon the ground, eating their morning meal of steaming food, dipping it

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out of earthen vessels with the spoons whose handles pin their shawls at the shoulder like the Roman *agrafes*, or they squatted in long lines from end to end of the plaza, forming, with their bright shawls, and their vivid wares wrapped in woven bags and blankets, a huge crazy quilt covering every foot of available space.

It was a bewildering scene indeed, this multitude of bright colours, relieved against the low houses in whose *tiendas* men and women sat drinking those tiny glasses filled apparently with water, but in reality with the fiery alcohol, almost pure, distilled on the sugar plantations along the coast. At one end stood a great mud-coloured ruin—of a church, I think, with sightless windows and an open portal—around whose base great herds of llamas and donkeys stood gathered in picturesque confusion. Down the street came water-carriers, staggering along among vendors of coca and bright aniline dyes that would delight a post-impressionist's heart, while along the curbs sat the sellers of *ollas* and drinking-gourds, of *ponchos* and saddles, of yellow earthen pottery and big vessels for cooking the *chupe*, their national dish.

Our wanderings finally brought us to the far end of

THE OROYA RAILWAY

the main street just in time to see the garrison, a battalion of infantry, march out of its barracks with colours flying and headed by its band. The officers were Peruvians of Spanish descent, but the rank and file seemed entirely of Indian origin. They marched well, however, and looked like neat and self-respecting soldiers. When I asked why they paraded thus during the full market, I was told that every Sunday this was done to stimulate interest in the army and show the Indian youths what fine fellows they would be when their time came for military service.

Half an hour later the cracked bells of the church began to chime, and we walked back to the little square in front of it. Here, nearly twelve thousand feet above the sea, sweet-peas and calla lilies, roses, dahlias, and geraniums were blazing in a perfect riot of colour. Inside the church all was hushed and still. Women in black *rebosos*, or gaily coloured shawls, sat or knelt upon the stone floor, and a crowd of men stood near the high altar where three officiants were celebrating low mass.

It was a picture of quiet dignity, this church interior, the groups silhouetting handsomely against the pale-tinted walls and the gilded side-altars, the

PACIFIC SHORES FROM PANAMA

alcaldes from the mountain villages standing apart, leaning upon their long canes bound about with silver, badges of the mayor's office. As the women removed their hats to cover their heads with shawls, coca leaves fell fluttering to the ground, and we noticed many of them wearing these same leaves pasted on their temples to deaden headaches.

We were asked by the mayor of the city to go informally with him to the Club Nacional, my wife being included in the invitation, though she was the only lady present. We enjoyed the experience, especially the Incaic music that followed, played by an Indian, a descendant of the old stock. It was our first opportunity to hear these weird melodies, so sad, so plaintive in tone, so strange in their syncopations, that were to follow us wherever we went in the mountains. He played, turn by turn, the old Inca dances, the *yaravis* sung by the women, and the gay *marmeras* danced nowadays by the common people all over Peru. What an interesting opera could be woven upon these themes, with the romantic history of the Incas and the scenery of the country and quaint customs of these mountain people as a background!

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Some of the Indian women are quite handsome, with their straight noses, full lips, and bronze-coloured skin, smooth and soft, that glistens in the sun. The men, too, have the hardy type of mountaineers: their legs bare, fine, and strong, their chests deep, and their heads erect. Though dirty personally, their town is surprisingly clean for an isolated mountain community.

The alcalde dined with us that evening, and we had an interesting discussion of Peruvian politics.

We had half planned to visit Santa Rosa de Ocopa, a monastery in the mountains, upon our return journey; but that did not prove feasible, so we proceeded directly back to Oroya, at which station we arrived several hours behind our schedule. To this fact, however, we owed one of the most wonderful impressions of our entire trip: the crossing of the pass at sunset.

As we emerged from the Galera tunnel that pierces Mount Meiggs at the top of the grade, nearly sixteen thousand feet above the sea, great clouds piled high about the summits of the mountains, whose peaks, copper, ashen, silver, or coral, stood glistening with eternal glaciers. As we started down the grade the evening mists began to rise, hurrying upward from

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gorge, valley, and precipice to swell the gathering vapours—caught by winds and air currents, eddying hither and thither like the fumes from a witch's caldron. In these flying, ghost-like forms lakes appeared and disappeared from time to time, hanging suspended, as it were, in mid-air.

Embattled peaks rose enormous through the fog, their bulk doubled by the mist, just as the depth of the gorges was rendered doubly terrifying by the mystery of bottomless pits and precipices whose bases were swallowed in swirling vapours.

As we descended, the sun, with its last rays, shot shafts of lurid light through these scurrying mists that thus became great tongues of fire, licking the mountains like the flames of a giant conflagration—a Walhalla, a glorious apotheosis to this wonderful ride in the Andes.

We passed the night at Matucana, half-way down the grade, and in the morning came down to Lima, to sea-level and the warmth of banana groves, jasmine, and heliotrope after the snow and ice of the mountains.

SOUTHERN PERU

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I

A COAST HACIENDA

THE *Limari* of the Chilian Line took us in a night from Callao harbour to the anchorage off Cerro Azul. Before us lay a typical Peruvian port, barren and dry, whose bleak sand hills made us exclaim: "Why have we accepted this kind invitation to spend a week in this desolate spot!"

The doctor's boat came alongside, and presently the *chaloupa* of the port captain and with it a large *lancia*. This latter intrigued me, for, though manned by four stalwart oarsmen, it contained no cargo of any description. Its bottom was covered with a great tarpaulin on which stood two empty chairs, its sole passenger being a man in white whose bronzed face was shaded by a cork helmet. I was wondering how we would get ashore, when this man in

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white stepped up and, introducing himself, asked if we were not the expected guests of Señor H——.

He proved to be the port agent, British as could be, of the great sugar estate for which we were bound, and soon, with our luggage, we were comfortably installed in the two chairs upon the tarpaulin and were making for the shore, riding the surf until we beached some fifty feet or so beyond the dry sand. Several men waded out for the luggage; my wife was put into a chair carried by three men, while I was told to bestride a big fellow's shoulders as he waded ashore with me. A queer procession we must have made!

Our host was down to the port to meet us, and presently, after a comforting cup of tea in the agent's house (it was yet very early in the morning), we were put into a *carrito*, or little car running on narrow-gauge tracks and drawn by a fat, white mule. A Jap lashed up the animal, constantly shouting "Mula, mula," as we sped around the promontory that gives the port its name—the Blue Hill.

In an instant the whole aspect of the country changed as if by magic, a change so startling that it fairly staggered us—the coast desert transformed in a moment from sandy wastes to broad cotton-



Landing at Cerro Azul

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fields and acres upon acres of sugar-cane. A tall factory chimney loomed up in the distance; then a Japanese village with its temple set among the banana-trees came into view; then a larger native village; and finally the low, rambling *hacienda*, an extensive group of buildings painted Venetian red and enclosing two patios, one set out with date-palms and a fountain, the other planted with flowers and entwined with honeysuckle. We were taken to large and airy rooms that faced the garden and tennis-court, with, beyond, a fine prospect of the sea, calm, placid, and blue beyond belief.

It was now only nine in the morning (for we had made a very early start), and I spent the remaining hours until luncheon in walking through the sugar mill with my host. Santa Barbara is a very big plant, one of the largest on the West Coast, and thirty-five miles of railroad track feed its capacious maw. Train-load after train-load of cane, the "honey of reeds," draws up to the factory each day to spill its contents upon the endless chains that dump them onto the crushing-mills. Like all perfected machinery of this day, no human hand touches the product until the finished sugar, one hundred and fifty thou-

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sand pounds a day, is sewn into sacks and put on flat-cars for shipment at the port.

After luncheon we started, four of us, in the *carrito* for Casa Blanca, a large ranch some miles distant, the headquarters of the cultivation department. Here we found horses ready saddled and soon were riding off toward an isolated hill, the Cerro d'Oro, a barren peak bearing Inca ruins plainly visible upon its summit. As we climbed its sandy heights beautiful views of the valley began to unfold themselves.

To the westward the sea glittered like silver in the afternoon light; to the north, parched and baked and blistered by eternal sunshine, the arid foot-hills lay seamed like wrinkled old mummies; but to the east, in violent contrast to this desolation, the broad Cañete valley, under the fecundating touch of its river and countless irrigating ditches, bloomed into verdant fields of cane, vivid, velvety, stretching like a vast green carpet to the far foot-hills that rose, pale, ashen, and sandy, to buttress the grand Cordillera towering high into the heavens.

Upon attaining the summit of the hill there lay about us the ruins of a dead civilisation. House walls of sun-baked adobe brick, with doorways still

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intact; fragments of a well-planned fortress; and lower down a cemetery wall beyond which we could see innumerable human bones and row upon row of skulls glistening in the sunshine amid strips of mummy wrappings of vicuña cloth, exhumed by the shifting sand.

We rode down the other side to San Luis, and in the *carrito* again drove for miles through the canefields of the vast estate to the Nuevo Mundo. Here we found other horses and, in the now westering light, rode through hills scratched with *andenes*, or Inca terraces, dating from the days when that patient people, by means of aqueduct and tunnel, deflected whole rivers to fertilise their crops. These irrigating ditches are still in use, serving as models to the Spaniards.

Each hill hereabout is topped with its Inca ruins. Like the mediæval builders, these Peruvian Indians of the coast region chose the hill tops for their settlements, thus protecting themselves alike from wandering bands of marauders and the miasmas of the coast marshes. We returned to Santa Barbara in the waning twilight, with the crescent moon and the Southern Cross to guide us.

PACIFIC SHORES FROM PANAMA

So ended our first day at Cerro Azul.

I had asked myself in the morning, "Why did I come?" Now I was answered. This single day had given me the most vivid picture of one of those Inca valleys described by the ancient chroniclers, scarcely believable upon this rainless coast—valleys that light its desert wastes with their emerald fields wherever a torrent pours from the Andes down to the sea; valleys that support the lonely coast-towns and produce the barges of sugar, the bales of cotton, the herds of cattle that are hoisted aboard the steamer at every port.

The days that followed strengthened this picture and added to its details. Each brought its little expedition.

One morning we visited the Japanese village whose picturesque little lanes, shaded by banana palms, put to shame the shiftlessness and dirt of the *cholo* quarter—the inevitable *galpon* that houses the half-breed working population of every Peruvian *hacienda*.

Another day we rode to the Seal Rocks along the hard-packed sands of the coast. Our horses at times galloped through the surf itself; then again we were cut off from the sea by hummocks and rocky promon-

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tories and reaches of barren sand dunes. Oh, the loneliness of this shore, the desolation of these dunes! Never a tree, nor a shrub, nor a blade of grass. Only at times the gulls fishing along the beach, or the skeleton of a pelican whitening in the sand, or a flock of buzzards hovering over a dead seal cast up by the breakers.

Yet we were following the main coast highway to Lima, a hundred miles or less to the north, though only a furrow in the sand and a single line of telegraph-poles marked its progress. Our ride terminated at Lobos Rock, where the seals lay wriggling in great families, the sound of their barking rising even above the roar of the surf. We watched them for some time, until our horses grew restless and the sun began to sink behind the rocky islets that lifted their purple heads above the sea.

We struck out for home in the short twilight of the tropics through the lonely sands, and on the way passed three *cholos* eating their frugal meal oblivious of the coming darkness, preparing for their long walk toward Lima, going, as they always do, by night to avoid the heat, trudging the endless sandy miles of the coast wilderness. So went the determined old

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conquistadores when Pizarro met Almagro at Mala, so went the Inca runners, so goes the *cholo* and the Indian to-day.

Our longest excursion took an entire day. Early in the morning we went in the *carrito* as far as Monte Alban, a superintendent's ranch at the farthest limits of the estate, the scene of several Spanish tragedies. There we found horses and were joined by Señor L——, son of the Vice-President of Peru, who was to be our companion for the day and whose home we were to visit later on. Our little cavalcade of six started through the village, San Vicente, whose freshly painted church and clean plaza set with gardens told of its prosperity, and out between the baked mud walls that serve as fences and are so characteristic a feature of this coast region of Peru, until we reached the *hacienda* of Hualcará. Here we paused for a while and refreshed ourselves in its patio garden aglow with flowers and embowered with great clusters of the pink bellissima, a beautiful vine—Japanese, I believe—that thrives particularly well in these latitudes.

In the saddle again, we struck off for the hills. In a moment the cotton-fields and the acres of sugar-

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cane were gone and we entered a dry, parched desert, the desolation of the moon, without a vestige of life either animal or vegetable. Through this arid, stony waste we crossed a long abutment of the Sierra and came at last out above a broad valley watered by the main fork of the Cañete, a valley we had not yet seen, green from end to end, traversed by long files of trees and dotted with ranches. At its upper end, just under the shadow of the mountains and commanding the pass that ascends their rugged defiles, rose an isolated cone, the key of the valley, known throughout the country as the Fortaleza—the Fortress.

As we approached it we could plainly see extensive ruins upon its summit, remains of the great Inca stronghold that defended their mountain kingdom against the invaders. But these ruins along the coast possess neither the interest nor the grandeur of the massive structures that we saw later on the interior plateaus. Built of adobe bricks, not of giant stones, they are specimens of the decadence of the Inca builder's craft, dating as they do from but a century or two before the Spanish conquest.

We circled the hill to view them from every side,

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and as we returned, hungry and thirsty, two riders appeared, as from a rub of Aladdin's lamp, leading a pack-animal with lunch-baskets. Where had they sprung from? Only a laugh from our host as in the cool shade of a willow we selected a spot for our mid-day meal. An old Indian brought us *ponchos* to sit upon from his rude cane hut near by; the birds were singing in the canebrakes, and a little stream went rushing merrily by in its mad race from the Andes to the sea.

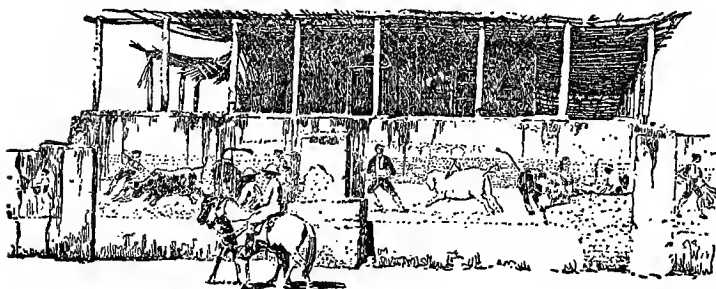
After lunch we crossed this stream and followed down its valley, fording it a dozen times in its meanderings, riding single-file through the bamboo jungles, the tail and crupper of the pacing pony ahead appearing and disappearing as we sped along.

We finally emerged into the main Cañete valley and paused awhile to visit an old bull-ring quite unique in its way. Its only *gradas* are a sort of balcony or loggia painted with statues of Roman emperors and with vines and the fittings of a pergola. The entire *barrera*, or wall surrounding the ring, is frescoed with great figures, life-size, and now partially effaced by time, depicting all the phases of a bull-fight: the *picador* and his horse gored by the infuriated animal;

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the *banderilleros* adroitly placing their multi-coloured darts; the lithe *matador* sighting his sword for the final thrust; even to the exit of the dead animal dragged out at the heels of the *arrastres*.

As we left the ring the four wonderful Norfolk



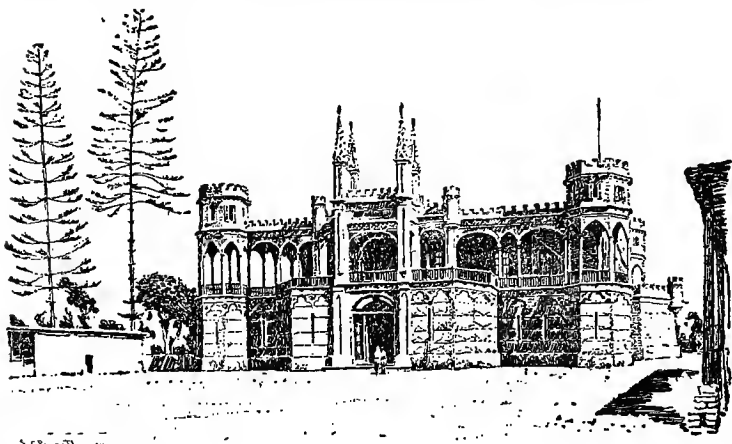
Bull-Ring in the Cañete Valley

Island pines, straight, tall, and branched like giant candelabra—the quartette of trees that make Unánue so conspicuous a landmark in the valley—raised their lofty heads before us, and from time to time we could descry the pinnacles and loggias of the beautiful *hacienda* rising above the intervening meadows.

We were to stop for tea at this home of the Vice-

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President, and presently were dismounting in its vast fore-court, where the white oxen were being unyoked from the plough and the farm implements stood neatly ranged under sheds at either side.



Hacienda of Unánue

The great villa that confronted us was quite unlike any that I have seen—the dream of some French architect who let his imagination run riot. With its massive basement pierced only by narrow loopholes and a single entrance door, its upper terrace shaded on every side by arched verandas, its windows barred with iron *rejas*, its battlemented roof-line, and the



The Carrito and Its Galloping Mule

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elaborate spires of its porch, it is a strange combination, fanciful to a degree, like some story-book palace set in this remote valley, fortified against an imaginary foe, yet a pleasure palace withal, enclosed by its tangled gardens shaded by giant trees.

We ascended the double stairway to the broad loggia that commands a view in every direction toward the sea, the river valleys, and the mountains. The cool air of these verandas, paved with Italian marble, and of the rooms, cooler still, that surround the main patio, was grateful indeed after the glare of the road and the heat of the afternoon sun. We lingered until rather late over refreshing beverages, and the sun was already setting as we bade our host good-bye and started homeward by way of Santa Rita, another ranch at which we left our horses with an attendant and found awaiting us the now familiar *carrito* and its galloping mule.

II

TO AREQUIPA

OUR visit at Santa Barbara had come to an end. Early Sunday morning we drove down to the port where in the offing lay the *Panama*, that was to take us on down the coast. Our host put us off in the same *lancha* that had brought us ashore, the agent accompanied us to the ship and presented us to the captain, and by ten o'clock we had weighed anchor. By good fortune I found among the passengers a man I had already met, Dr. G——, rector of the University of Cuzco, Peru's second oldest seat of learning, and a friend of his, a writer and archæologist of distinction. In the ship's saloon we talked over the interest of the trip that lay before us, and, to whet our appetite, Señor C—— showed us some priceless picture cloths of pre-Inca design—condor, puma, and serpents intertwined—that he had just unearthed somewhere near Ica.

In the afternoon we sighted the Chincha Islands,

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white, flat-topped, like half-melted icebergs, celebrated for their guano deposits, a semicircle of them off Pisco fringing the horizon.

Pisco's gaily painted houses soon emerged from the sea and we cast anchor. Dark Indian women came aboard selling the luscious Italia grapes for which the valley is noted, and from which is made the Italia brandy and the "pisco," that alcoholic beverage so much used along the coast, some of it so strong that, to quote a graphic expression that I heard, "it would make a rabbit fight a bull-dog."

Pisco scarcely repaid us for the visit ashore. The town itself lies too far away to be conveniently visited in a few hours. So we had to content ourselves with the settlement along the beach—a series of bath-houses and small hotels like some miniature Coney Island. We stopped next day at another forlorn port, Chala by name, with a flimsy wooden church stuck in a plaza of shifting sand and a few frame houses set upon the same unstable foundation.

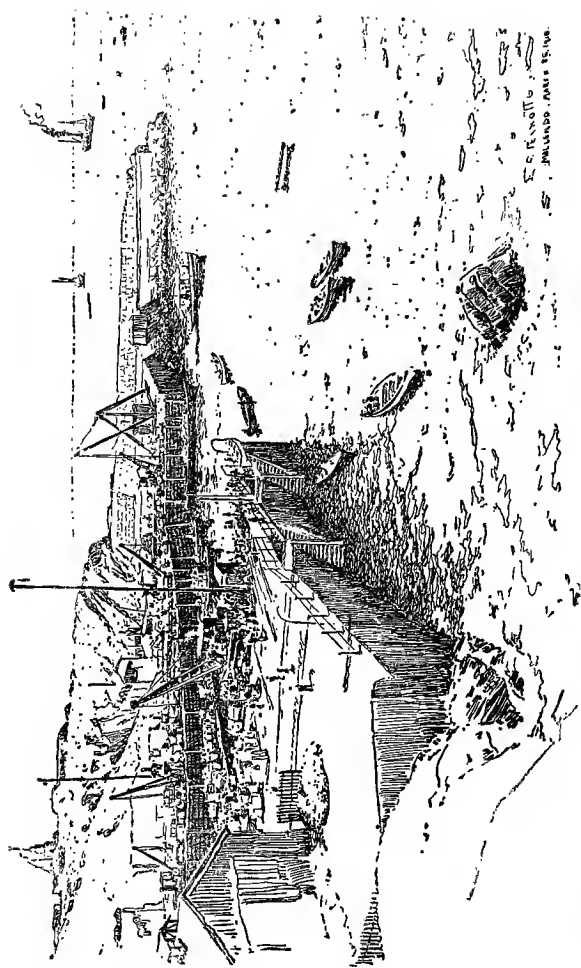
What the shore lacked in interest the sea made up for. It literally teemed with life. Sea-lions bobbed their heads up and down upon its surface; schools of dolphins frolicked about, while flocks of shags and

PACIFIC SHORES FROM PANAMA

murres hovered over them; long files of pelicans lazily flapped their way toward the guano-coated rocks behind which purplish mountains now rose abruptly from the sea. All afternoon we coasted near the shore and toward night enjoyed a splendid sunset.

Early next morning the clang of the engine bell and the clank of the mooring-chains told us we had anchored. In the grey dawn the shore looked not unlike Salaverry, but a larger town lay spread upon the cliffs half hidden in the haze of spindrift. The Pacific rollers thundered in long surges against the rocks, and the boats coming out to meet us bounced like corks upon the sea. Yet it was an exceptionally calm morning for Mollendo, so we were told! As I was choosing a *fletero* among the various brigands who presented themselves to ferry us ashore, a Spaniard stepped up and presented his card—an official from the Southern Railways of Peru.

He soon had us installed in his stanch boat, and with the aid of a peppery tug, the first I had seen at the small ports of the coast, we were cutting our way through the water while the other boats were still bobbing about by the steamer's side.



The Fort, Molendo

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In behind the break-water all was animation. Busy cranes were loading and unloading barges, a railroad engine was puffing back and forth switching freight-cars to and fro, and along the quays and on the landing-steps a jostling crowd was pushing and shouting. We scrambled ashore and were met by the station-master who had us and our luggage quickly transferred to the private car that was to take us to Arequipa—the same car (though we did not then know it) that afterward was to be our home for weeks.

Our train was not to leave until one o'clock, so several hours of leisure lay before us.

Mollendo, however, presented few attractions. It looks as San Francisco must have looked in the fifties—its frame houses set in sand dunes. Much of the town overhangs the sea, clinging to the bluffs, so that many of the dwellings present three stories to the ocean and only one to the land. Such a house, for instance, is the Club, a well-managed institution to which we were kindly taken, and where we enjoyed an excellent lunch on a terrace overlooking the broad Pacific, whose thundering surges beat along the shore at our feet.

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Just before we boarded our train a curious incident occurred.

A little Indian boy, some six or seven years old, approached us and, with tears in his eyes and his voice choked with sobs, asked to become our *chico*, our boy—literally and of his own free-will giving himself to us for life. His tale was pitiful indeed. An aunt had brought him down from the mountains and had left him here by the coast and disappeared, whether by boat or train he did not know. We were quite touched by his appeal, and had it not been for the friend who accompanied us—a Peruvian-born—I do not know what might not have happened. He assured us, however, that the boy was shamming, that he wanted to go back to the mountains, to be sure, but that as soon as he got a favourable opportunity he would run away; in fact, that if we put him in the second-class coach we should never see him when we arrived; that this sort of appeal to strangers was a regular thing, and so on.

Who was right I do not know. But I do know that boys of this age and even younger, and girls, too, of the inferior Indian race, are attached to the person of each young Peruvian child of the upper class and brought up with them for life. We constantly saw

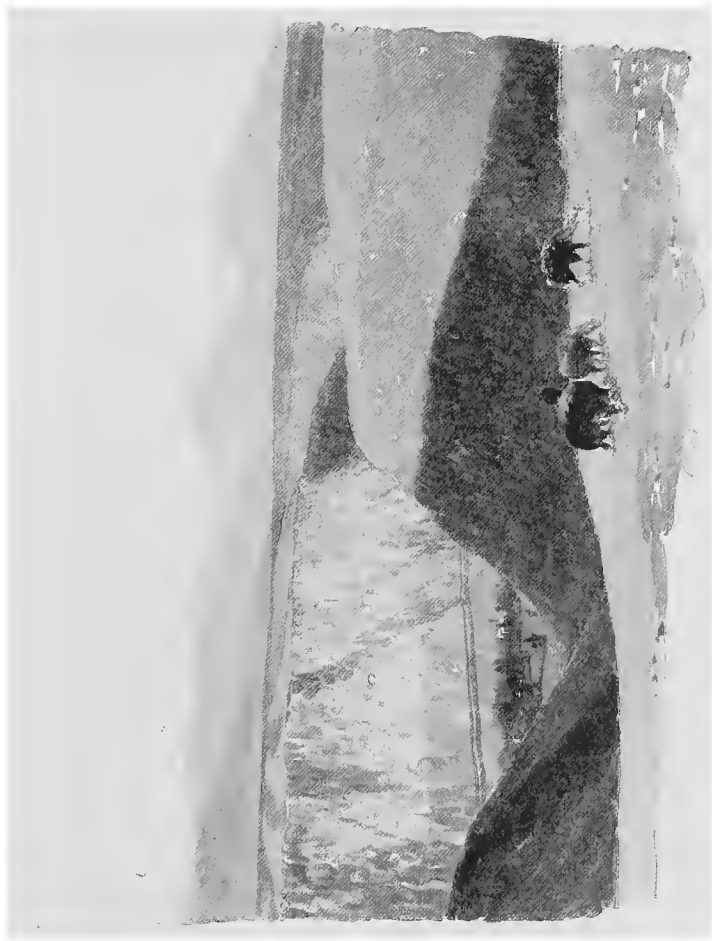
PACIFIC SHORES FROM PANAMA

such little slaves carrying coats or bundles or umbrellas behind their little masters, who walked ahead with their parents—a pernicious custom, to my mind, breeding arrogance, insolence, and a habit of idleness in the better-born children. We spoke to the station-master about the little waif and he promised to look out for him. I hope he did.

We pulled out at the tail of the afternoon passenger promptly on time, skirted the shore for a bit to the bathing resorts of Enseñada and Mejía, and then struck for the hills and Arequipa.

The road ascends by a series of loops and curves among rounded foot-hills whose fat flanks are covered only with a tough-looking herb, dull brown and in spots green. Now and then we caught glimpses of one of those verdant valleys that lie tucked away down by the coast. This soon passed from sight, however, and at an elevation of about a thousand metres we emerged onto a succession of broad tablelands backed by blue mountains, whose gorges are filled with white sand that, at a distance, looks like snow-patches.

As we proceeded these sandy drifts approached the track, sometimes descending the mountains in long ridges like giant reptiles' tails, sometimes form-



Nearing Arequipa

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ing pools or hillocks, but oftenest of all piling up in those strange sand-crescents that are one of the phenomena of the region.

These crescents are quite perfect in form, highest and broadest at the centre, diminishing with perfect regularity both in height and thickness toward the two horns that curve a bit inward like the Turkish moon. Hundreds of them lie spotted over this tableland, each with its horns pointed eastward, each moving like clockwork in the same direction. For they move. Their tiny white particles, that hum in the heat, are fanned by the wind and chased over the summit, dropping down on the other side. Thus, particle by particle, irresistibly they pursue their onward march. They must be shovelled from the railroads like snow-drifts, though we were told that a few large stones placed upon them would break them up and prevent their movement.

The stations along these plateaus are but tiny oases—palms, fruit trees, flowers set in a waterless waste. After San José you begin to climb again through salmon-tinted mountains, stratified and shaded like those of the Grand Canyon of the Colorado. Deep down in their chasms narrow valleys

PACIFIC SHORES FROM PANAMA

appear—green, rich meadows where cattle graze and Indian bamboo huts nestle by the rivulets.

At Vitor, where the women were selling delicious grapes by the station, we had reached an altitude of five thousand feet and soon could look across the broad upper plateau that now spread out before us. At a turn of the road in the distance Chachani and El Misti, the two Andean sentinels, suddenly stood revealed in all the glory of their icy summits, nearly twenty thousand feet above the sea!

The scenery now became remarkable—grand.

At times we looked deep into the valley of the Chili, with its verdant fields and Indian villages set in clusters of banana palms; at others into arid chasms where the blue evening shadows were slowly creeping upward while the coppery sunlight still flickered on the upper walls. And at each turn we obtained new views of the two mountain giants that marked our destination and that grew nearer and ever nearer, now rosy in the evening glow.

The short twilight had deepened. Tingo's lights burst forth in the semi-darkness, and in ten minutes we pulled into the station at Arequipa.

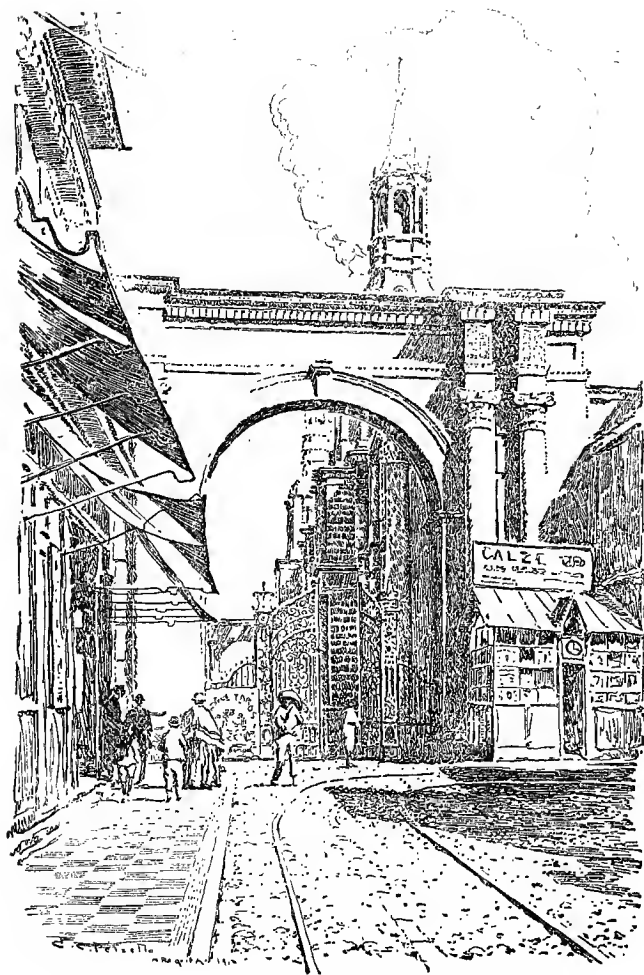
LA VILLA HERMOSA

LA VILLA HERMOSA

THE acting superintendent of the Southern Railways was there to greet us, and soon we were rattling, with him, in the dark of the early evening, over the cobble-stones to the hotel.

How like Spain it all was—perhaps even more Spanish than Spain, for it lacked every taint of cosmopolitanism!

Suddenly we emerged into the plaza and a moment later stepped out upon our porch speechless at what lay before us. The great bell of the *Compañía*, just opposite, was tolling for vespers, and its deep, bass voice was answered by the jangling but sweet-toned chimes of the other churches and by the slow, irregular thud of the cathedral bell. We were standing on top of the *Portales*, or stone arcades of beautiful design, that completely surround the plaza on three of its



The Cathedral from the Mercaderes

LA VILLA HERMOSA

sides. Below us lay flower-beds, palms, and broad, curving pathways whose glistening tile pavements, clean as mirrors, reflected the arc lights above. A quiet crowd was slowly moving about, for a military band was playing off in one corner.

Directly opposite loomed the long façade of the cathedral, above which we could faintly descry the shadowy forms of Misti, rising to its snow-capped cone in all the perfect symmetry of its pure volcanic outline, and of its rugged neighbour, Chachani, cut into a multitude of peaks and ice-fields and rocky pinnacles. "Where," we asked ourselves, "could we find such another combination, a great metropolitan cathedral fronting a monumental plaza and backed by two such mountain giants?"

And the spell of this first impression did not wear off.

We dined that evening with friends at the Central—a good Spanish dinner—after which we were amused by an Indian flower-boy who, though ugly and ill-formed, danced by our table, and with rolling eyes recited quaint *pensamientos* of languishing themes.

As we walked about the streets next morning we

PACIFIC SHORES FROM PANAMA

were struck by the pretty, gay aspect of the town, and of its dwellings painted in pale pastel tones, rose, pale ochre, Nile green, and pearly grey, but most of all *azul*—those blues that shade from faint, cool white to the deep tones of the azure sky. In the open court-yards oleanders bloomed and the tessellated tufa pavements were shaded by fig, orange, and lemon trees.

I should call Arequipa the Silent City. No carts rattle on its thoroughfares, its donkeys' feet are unshod, and even its little tram-cars fail to drown the murmur of the rushing rivulets that course down its open gutters.

It is the second city in size in Peru, and its founder, Garcia Manuel de Carvajal, called it La Villa Hermosa—the Beautiful City—and it well deserved its name. Its present appellation is Quichua in origin, and is said to have originated from the fact that a party of Inca soldiers once came upon this lovely valley of the Chili, hidden in the dreary Andean solitudes, and asked their commander to allow them to remain. His reply was, “Ari, quepai”; that in Quichua means “Yes, remain.”

Its elevation, some seventy-five hundred feet



The Cathedral and Chachani

LA VILLA HERMOSA

above the sea, gives it a delightful climate, quite spring-like in character, and of its forty thousand inhabitants a large proportion are *gente decente*, for it has long been recognised as a centre of culture and the residence of men of distinction.

The courtesy of the Arequipeñians is beyond question. Each time you stop to look into a court-yard some one has a pretty way of asking you to come in and "take a seat." Then you are presented with flowers and apologies are made that the season is late and flowers not what they were a month or two ago. And what pretty, dark-eyed young women in lacy mantillas you meet coming home from church on Sunday morning!

Let me tell you of an Arequipeñian Sunday, to complete the picture, for Arequipa is essentially a religious town and lives its full life on Sunday.

You are waked in the morning by the bells of the *Compañía*, big and small, pealing forth in carillons; then, when their vibrant notes have died away, you distinguish the silvery distant chimes of other churches; then a sound of voices chanting, accompanied by slow martial music. You look out and see a procession making a tour of the plaza—a brother-

PACIFIC SHORES FROM PANAMA

hood bearing a great crucifix, followed by priests and the soldiers of the garrison.

By ten you are out and cross the plaza to the cathedral and watch the Indian small boys, barefoot and nimble, who noiselessly carry from each home the *priedieu*, or chair of their mistress, gradually filling all the carpeted nave with them. The great organ peals forth, and feminine Arequipa, in sober black, troops in for high mass.

After this morning function there is a lull till about two o'clock, when all the men of the town and some of the women wander down to the bull-ring, where Bomba or Segurito, according to the posters, will fight six "hermosos toros." And splendid bulls they are, to be sure, or were the day we saw them. I have seen no such thrilling fights in Spain as we witnessed here, and would not care often to undergo such excitement. Here in Peru the *picador* is practically suppressed; in fact, often totally so. Hence there are none of the gory horse episodes, and the *matador* takes the great, long-horned animal while he is still quite fresh and untired.

The pluck of the two *espadas* that we saw that day was astounding. They knelt in the ring, vaulted the



Court of a Residence

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animal, or turned calmly from him so that he just grazed them in his infuriated rushes, playing all the tricks of their hazardous calling, cheered to the echo, until one was finally caught by the bull and severely wounded.

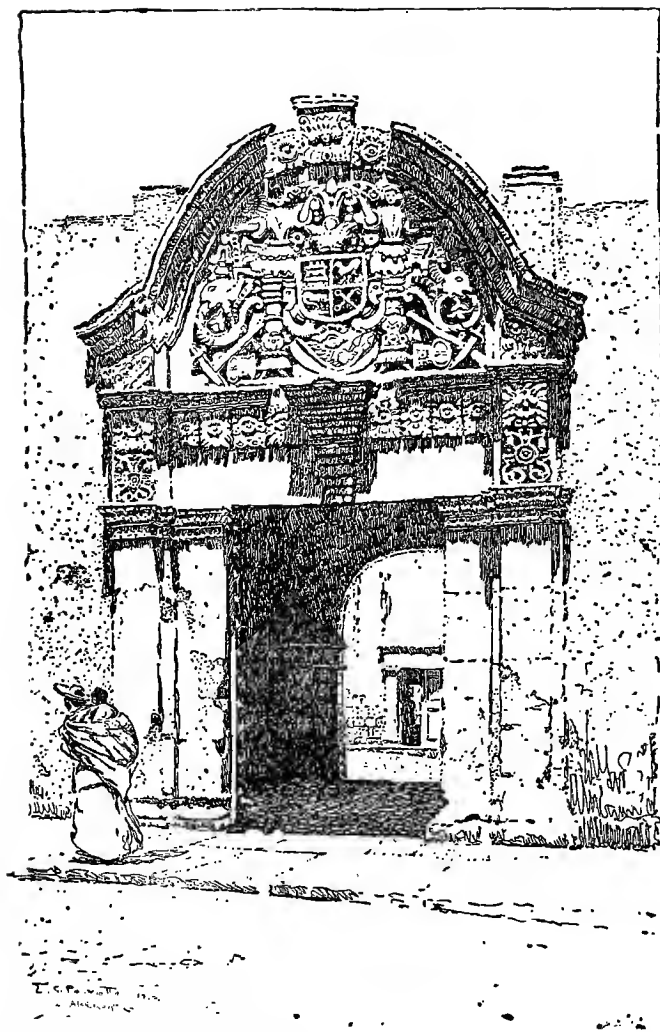
We returned to the plaza, where a military concert was now in full swing. If the women had presented a sober picture at the cathedral in the morning, not so now at this afternoon promenade. Decked in their smartest gowns and escorted by gay young officers and obsequious young men, they sauntered in groups of three or four round and round the glazed-tile walks among the flowers and palmettoes.

We went with two friends (one of them the American minister at La Paz) to the *zarzuela* that evening. A fairly good company was playing an old favourite, the melodramatic "Mancha que limpia," and a good house was in attendance. The scene was certainly characteristic of a Latin play-house, the main floor occupied for the most part by the men, the three tiers of boxes filled with elaborately dressed women, and the peanut-galleries crowded to suffocation with the small trades-people.

The town reserves a number of picturesque corners



Arequipa from the Bridge Across the Chili



Entrance to the old Bishop's Palace

PACIFIC SHORES FROM PANAMA

for him who will ferret them out. There is the market; there are the old palaces and churches ornamented with those extravagant plateresque carvings done by the Indians under the guidance of their Spanish conquerors; there is the great stone bridge that spans the Chili, with its massive piers and buttresses that remind you of their prototypes at Toledo; there are the long street vistas, with Chachani or Misti ever framed at the far extremity.

And in the evening you may drive out over the rough country road to a bit of American soil—the observatory that Harvard University maintains here for the study of the southern heavens—and see the stars sit for their portraits taken by its wonderful photographic telescopes. It is strange, indeed, to find this astronomer's home, so absolutely American in all its appointments, perched on the far flanks of El Misti, and there to pass an evening in the genial warmth of an enthusiastic young American's fireside.

THE LAND OF THE INCAS

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THE LAND OF THE INCAS

AS you ascend from Arequipa to cross the backbone of the Andes on this Southern Railway of Peru, leaving behind the dreary waste-lands of the upper Cordilleras, devoid of life and vegetation except for the *pajonal*, the only grass that clothes the highest plateaus with its stubby golden carpet, where no bit of green has rested the eye since the lovely valley of the Chili faded from view and the eternal snows of Chachani and Misti dropped lower and lower toward the horizon; after topping the pass at Crucero Alto, some fifteen thousand feet above the sea, you descend the eastward side by loops and gradients about two thousand feet or more. Vicuñas, the sole habitants of these mountain solitudes, graze in the *ychu* grass by the tracks, and at lower levels llamas and sheep.

The flocks and herds increase in size as you de-

PACIFIC SHORES FROM PANAMA

scend. Occasionally clusters of huts appear in whose doorways women are seated weaving *ponchos*, their mouths muffled against the icy breeze. A chain of lakes now borders the road, one bright and peaceful, the next shaded by heavy clouds, dark, tragic as the tarn of the House of Usher. Snow-peaks close in the vista to the left, while ahead opens a broad valley, the great basin of Lake Titicaca.

You quickly realise that you are entering another world—a strange world shut off from the remainder of our planet by every barrier that nature could devise. To the east tower the White Cordillera, beyond which moulder the miasmatic jungles of the *Montaña*; to the west rise the snowy altitudes we have just traversed. Between these two ranges lie a succession of highland valleys some ten to thirteen thousand feet above the sea, each separated from the other by *nudos*, or knots, of lesser transverse chains of mountains.

These valleys in our latitudes would be covered with eternal snow. Here, under the tropics, they blossom with all the products of the temperate zone, enjoying a cool, invigorating climate and supporting a large population of Indians.

THE LAND OF THE INCAS

They constituted the heart of the ancient empire of the Incas, that amazing despotism that stunned the Spanish conquerors with the wisdom of its institutions, the splendour and the size of its buildings, the rich produce of its fields, and, above all, by the wealth of its mines of gold and silver and its amassed riches of centuries. When the Spaniard came, Huayna Capac had already extended his dominions as far north as Quito and as far south as the land of the Araucanian Indians of Chili. Even most of the savage tribes of the Montaña owed him allegiance, and only the Pacific bounded his territories to the westward. The centre of his empire lay in these high plateaus of the Andes—the fair and fertile valleys of Huaylas and Vilcanota, the bare and bleak plains of Cerro de Pasco and Titicaca's basin.

We were now entering the last-named, the most southern of the four, and were then to turn northward to visit the Inca capital, Cuzco, the navel of the kingdom, as its Quichua name signifies.

It was toward the end of the rainy season. So, when we started from Juliaca in the morning the broad valley lay flecked with numerous pools of water that reflected the deep blue of the sky mingled

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with the fleecy white of the small clouds that floated overhead. The air, after the night's rain, was of an indescribable rarity and purity, pellucid; so clear, indeed, that the distant Cordilleras showed every varied marking of their sharp ridges and deep *quebradas*. Now and then, as we looked backward, Titicaca came into view, reflecting the hills of indigo blue that surround it.

This lake is intimately connected with all the tales and legends of the Incas. In fact, the usually accepted story of the origin of their race makes it spring from the waters of this very lake. Garcilasso de la Vega, himself a descendant of the Incas of the royal line, gives us a clear version of the story.

Inti, the Sun-God, ashamed of the barbarous practices of the primitive human beings who then inhabited the globe, taking pity upon them, sent to earth his two children, Manco Capac and his sister-wife, Mama Oello (Children of the Sun, as their descendants, the Incas, always styled themselves), causing them to rise from Titicaca and go forth to instruct the people: he in government and the arts of war and husbandry; she in weaving and spinning—his Coya, or queen of women, as he was king of men.

THE LAND OF THE INCAS

Inti thus admonished them. “’Tis I,” said he, “who warm the earth and its inhabitants when they are cold, fertilise their fields and their pastures; who fructify their trees, multiply their flocks; who send them rain and fine weather in season. I make the tour of the world each day to see what is needful for its happiness. I reserve for myself only the pleasure of seeing it happy. Go, do likewise. Be happy if thou canst, but, above all, try to make other people happy.”

He gave them, too, a “barrilla de oro” of half a yard in length and two fingers in thickness that they were to take with them. They were to pursue their journey until this golden wedge, of its own accord, should sink into the earth, at which spot they were to establish the capital of their kingdom. Accordingly, they set forth upon their wanderings, never stopping until they reached the valley of Cuzco, where the golden wedge sank into the earth and disappeared.

We were now following their footsteps from Titicaca’s shore to this same valley. The fields were alive with flocks of sheep and herds of cattle and llamas; here and there groups of adobe huts thatched

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with straw afforded shelter for their keepers. The names of the stations told us we were approaching the Quichua country, for, instead of the familiar San Miguel or San José, we read Calapuja, Tirapata, Ayaviri, and Chuquibambilla. Quichua was the ancient tongue of the Inca court, imitated by all the conquered nations until it became the fashionable language, the most elegant of the South American tongues. It is still the spoken language of the Peruvian Indian.

Our train had now begun to climb, mounting through bleak pastures until we reached La Raya, the summit of one of those knots of mountains that connect the two main ranges of the Andes. The scenery was magnificent. We were shut in by great peaks set in fields of moss or grass that encircle their mighty cones, whose heads reach the realms of eternal silence and eternal snow.

Two little streams rise at the top of the pass. One, the Puchara, starts down the valley we had just ascended, finally to reach the Pacific; the other becomes the Vilcanota that, gathering strength as it proceeds, goes to swell the mighty Amazon, emptying into the Atlantic some three thousand miles or more away.



Pottery Vendors, Puchara

PACIFIC SHORES FROM PANAMA

As we descended beside its bubbling waters—so soon, alas, to loose their crystal pureness—a beautiful valley opened before us, hemmed in by frowning mountains, the first of the valleys that the Incas chose as the central seat of their civilisation. The mountain slopes they terraced into rich *andenes*; they irrigated their fields and gardens, fortified their crags, and dotted their meadows with villages and cities. At the far end they built Cuzco, their capital, the great shrine of their deity the Sun, the venerated object of their pilgrimage. As Mecca is to the Mussulman, or Rome to the Catholic, so was Cuzco to the Inca.

These valleys still remain well-tilled, their fields of wheat and barley alternating with patches of *quinoa*, the hardy grain that is indigenous to these mountain plains, their staple of life, thriving at an elevation of thirteen thousand feet.

Before six o'clock we pulled into the station at Sicuani, there to remain for the night.

Our itinerary had been planned with this in view, for Sicuani's Sunday-morning market is the most notable in all the region. This being Saturday evening, the llama trains were already arriving. After



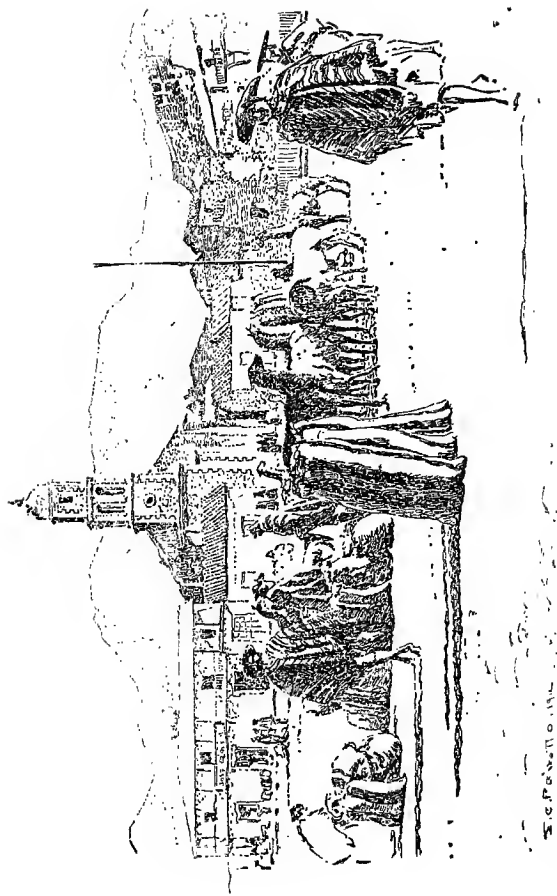
At the Top of the Pass, La Raya

THE LAND OF THE INCAS

dinner, as we walked about the town, we saw whole troops of these strange beasts being driven into the corrals, craning their long necks, their ears tilted forward, suspicious, always on the alert, afraid to enter unknown enclosures.

As we crossed the two squares on our return to our car, from the *tiendas* and *chinganas* that surround them came sad strains of music, sometimes a voice singing, sometimes a reedy flute plaintively crooning, sometimes a rude guitar strumming those sad *yaravis*, the sole musical expression of the Andean Indian—minor melodies, sad in theme and modulation, strange in their wilful syncopations, fitly voicing the melancholy, the sorrow of a down-trodden race.

The environment of the Inca Indian has had great influence upon his temperament. He combines to a marked degree the nature of the easy-going inhabitant of the tropics with the hardihood and fortitude and capacity for toil of the mountaineer. On the bleak *punas* of this upper world of his, this “roof of the earth,” as it has been called, his inscrutable expression, his silences, and his quiet melancholy accord well with the mysteries of the country.



"The Llama Trains Were Already Arriving"

THE LAND OF THE INCAS

We were out early next morning, and the sun had not yet risen from behind the mountains, though the sky was bright, as we turned into the plaza.

Already it was full of people. Here was the movement of the market-place, the bustle of the traders. But how quiet! Only silent groups stood about. They smiled once in a while, but quickly grew grave again; they scarcely ever laughed. As we listened, the singing of the birds—the numerous *triguerras*—drowned the human voices!

The natives were constantly arriving. The sky grew brighter and brighter, and suddenly the fiery orb of the sun shot above the mountains and darted its rays in long shafts of light down upon the market-place. The chill of the early morning was dispelled as if by magic. Small wonder that the Incas in their bleak, fireless mountain homes worshipped him as their chief deity!

And now, under his effulgence, the beauty of this Sunday-morning market became apparent. The houses around the plaza, hitherto grey and uninteresting, now gleamed white or pale blue or caught golden reflections under their broad eaves and balconies from the yellow dust of the roadways. Upon

PACIFIC SHORES FROM PANAMA

the surrounding hill-slopes flocks of llamas and trains of donkeys stood silhouetted with silver awaiting a purchaser.

And the costumes! The men's were undoubtedly the finest. Their *ponchos*, or blankets, reaching to the knees, were woven in rich patterns and ornamented with coloured fringes; their sturdy, sun-browned calves and feet were bare or protected only by rude sandals; upon their heads they wore tight-fitting caps with ear-flaps, woven, too, in intricate designs like those of the *poncho* but far finer, the best being made of the beautiful vicuña wool, which, under the Incas, was reserved for the nobility alone. Their hair, long, black, and thick, showed front and back, and was clipped round, giving to their clear-cut features and aquiline noses the appearance of those splendid bronze heads modelled by Donatello and his school.

The dominant colour note was red—scarlet, varying through all the gamut of rose and warmed by intervening stripes of undyed ochre wool.

The women wore the bright *montero*, a gay, broad-brimmed hat almost devoid of crown, ornamented with gold or silver galloon, and their principal gar-



Corner of the Market, Sicuni

THE LAND OF THE INCAS

ment was the *llicha* or mantle in which they draped themselves. Before them, spread upon the ground, lay the various strange eatables that they sell: the dried birds and cockroaches; the *chuño*, or white potato (do you realise that we owe our common potato to these highlands of Peru?), that, boiled with bits of fish or meat, makes the *chupe*, their national dish; the roundish grains of the *quinoa*; the *charqui*, or jerked meat made of venison or vicuña steaks; the bags of coca leaves that they chew to deaden their senses and efface the effect of cold, hunger, and fatigue as they take their almost superhuman walks.

We started on for Cuzco in the morning, expecting to reach it by night. But fate willed otherwise, as you shall see.

Along the roads the Indians were hurrying, some afoot, some on donkey-back, and once in a while we passed a single horseman draped in his ample *poncho*. Women, too, walked briskly with babies or incredibly large bundles upon their backs, picking their skirts high above their knees to ford the streams and pools.

Beyond San Pablo we could make out the ruins of the great temple of Viracócha, off to the right, half-

PACIFIC SHORES FROM PANAMA

hidden in a rocky country. Each station, as we passed, was full of people, the train being still a novelty, an object of interest. The villages became richer. Pottery roofs supplanted the flimsy thatch; substantial walls took the place of rude adobe. The now roaring Vilcanota was spanned, as at Quiquijana, by strong stone bridges. The fields were rich and the hills terraced far up toward their summits.

The Incas surpassed all the American races as husbandmen. Agriculture was the key-note of their peaceful civilisation. The Inca himself set an example to his subjects by going out each year to the fields upon one of the great festivals and turning the sod with a golden plough. One-third of all the land was reserved for him (that is, for government), one-third for the practices of religion, and the remaining third was equally distributed among the people. Each man upon his marriage was given an extra piece and likewise upon the birth of each child, twice as much for a boy as for a girl. Besides cultivating his own portion, he was obliged to work one-third of his time upon the Inca's land and one-third upon the Sun's. Thus, like bees, they droned for their Inca in a sort of socialistic equality. By patient toil and the force of

THE LAND OF THE INCAS

numbers, combined with skilful irrigation and fertilising (even the use of guano was known to them), they brought these highland valleys and terraced hills to a state of productiveness that they have never since attained under their Spanish conquerors.

Most of the great work of the Incas—their mighty roads that connected Quito with Cuzco; their aqueducts, sometimes hundreds of miles in length; their rich *andenes*—have fallen to ruin, but enough of them remain to put to shame the feeble efforts of their conquerors.

About four hours beyond Sicuani the train stopped at a place called Urcos. Upon one side of the track stood the station; upon the other a sort of *fonda*—eating-house and lodgings combined. No town was in sight. The minutes passed by, and presently men began to drop off and ask questions of the conductor. His replies were evasive. An hour passed, and we were told that, owing to some trouble on the road ahead, we should remain where we were till evening. So, having nothing better to do, we set out to find the town.

Happy thought! For no sooner had we climbed a wide path, a sort of causeway lined on both sides

PACIFIC SHORES FROM PANAMA

with giant cacti of all descriptions, than we saw a picturesque red-roofed village ahead of us. We were walking toward the sun, and the llamas and people coming down toward us were edged with gold and silver as the brilliant light caught the long nap of their woolly garments and fringes. We soon reached the first mud-built house and stumbled up the winding, rock-paved streets, climbing higher and higher toward glimpses of gleaming white walls ahead.

Suddenly we turned into the village green, for such it truly was, a perfect pastoral hidden in this mountain valley. Eight giant trees (*pisonays*, I think they are called) shaded its broad expanse, their gnarled trunks girdled with stone seats, their lustrous leaves shining and sparkling in the sunlight. In the shadows which they cast, groups of Indian women squatted with their children, and over by the village pump another group quietly gossiped. An old Spaniard, in his threadbare black coat and flashy tie, returned slowly from mass. A broad flight of steps, ornamented with a tall stone crucifix, rose at the farthest end and led up to the church, whose single lava-built tower, dark and rich in tone, contrasted pleasantly with the white arcades that adjoined it. The long

THE LAND OF THE INCAS

afternoon shadows, the ruddy glow of the scarlet costumes, the mighty hills, fat-flanked, gouged by landslides, yet tilled to their very summits, composed a charming picture, and when we had enjoyed it for some time we mounted the steps to the church.

It, too, well repaid our visit. Its walls and ceiling, though white, are almost completely covered with stencils, executed apparently by Indians, like those of the California missions, but far richer in design and bolder and more vigorous in pattern, and particularly powerful in tone. They form the background for a multitude of objects: paintings, not very good, to be sure, but following the fine old Hispanic tradition and set in their original richly carved and gilded frames; polychrome statues of saints and martyrs in the golden niches of side altars, mingled with bits of altar-cloths and laces and old Spanish mirrors. The vandal hand of no city antiquary has as yet defiled this little treasure-house. May my pen never guide one thither!

As we emerged from the portal a small voice piped up and asked if we should like to see the lake.

The Lake of Urcos? Why had that name a familiar sound? Guided by our small conductor, we soon

PACIFIC SHORES FROM PANAMA

came upon it set like lovely Nemi in its round volcanic basin, a mirror reflecting the azure sky. The Lake of Urcos? I was still puzzled, but soon had solved the mystery.

Now I remembered the passage in Garcilasso. Huayna Capac, last of the great Incas, upon the birth of the son that was to succeed him, caused to be forged a chain of gold, long enough, we are told, to stretch around the great square at Cuzco. And the Inca named his son Huascar, a chain. At the approach of the Spaniards this triumph of the goldsmith's art, a veritable fortune, was thrown, according to common belief, into this Lake of Urcos. Various attempts have been made to dredge its waters and recover the buried treasure, but as yet all in vain—again reminding us of Nemi and its golden barge of Nero.

When we returned to the station we found a telegram from the superintendent at Arequipa telling us that we should be obliged to remain at Urcos all night owing to a landslide on the road ahead.

Now were we glad, indeed, of our private car, for the rest of the passengers had to make the best of it in the crowded quarters of the *fonda*, four in a room.

THE LAND OF THE INCAS

The *cholos* slept upon the benches of their second-class coach. Faithful old Prudenizio, our Indian cook, had been off shopping in the town and we enjoyed our good dinner sitting by the window watching the natives with their long trains of llamas or donkeys making their way up the steep pathways that lead to their mountain homes.

Where do they dwell? Neither house nor village was visible upon these rocky heights, yet doubtless hidden within their defiles nestle lonely huts protected from wintry winds.

The water-carriers staggered toward the village under the weight of their earthen *ollas*; the sad strains of a *yaravi* floated over the meadows; the Vilcanota, rushing to swell the Amazon, murmured in the distance; the stars shone resplendent in the purity of the mountain air. What a happy day, unplanned and unpremeditated, we had spent quite by chance in this peaceful country-side—this wonderful land of the Incas!

But next morning, when told that we should not start for Cuzco until noon, I began to be anxious. We were at the beginning of Holy Week, and I had been especially planning to reach the Inca capital on

PACIFIC SHORES FROM PANAMA

this particular day, the feast of Our Lord of the Earthquakes—the principal Indian festival of the year. The great procession was to leave the cathedral at four o'clock, and Urcos is more than two hours' ride from Cuzco. We spent the morning sketching in the village, however, and in visiting a hospitable Spanish family, who asked us in (strangers are a rarity, indeed, in Urcos) to regale us with sweetmeats and coffee. A reassuring telegram awaited us upon our return to the station, telling us that we should leave by one o'clock. All might yet be well.

And at one we left. A quick trip through a succession of lovely valleys, where *haciendas* with long arcades sat embowered in eucalyptus groves, brought us to the considerable town of San Jerónimo, really a suburb of Cuzco.

The railroad here makes an ascent, and at each curve of the road we tried to obtain our first glimpse of this sacred city of the Incas. At last, at a turning, there it lay with its domes and towers, its ring of encircling mountains, its red-roofed houses lying flat along its regular streets.

CUZCO, THE INCA CAPITAL

CUZCO, THE INCA CAPITAL

THE neat new station (the road has been only open a year or two) lies outside the city walls. We lost no time in jumping into an old tram-car drawn by four mules, and presently were rattling through the narrow, crooked streets of the lower town, one of the worst quarters of the city—the dirtiest district of a dirty town.

But all this was forgotten when we turned into the main plaza of the city. Picturesque arcaded houses surround it on every side; the great church of the Compañía, with its belfries and domes, looms up in the centre of the southern side; while upon its eastern front the grand cathedral faces the setting sun, raised high upon its lofty *grada*.

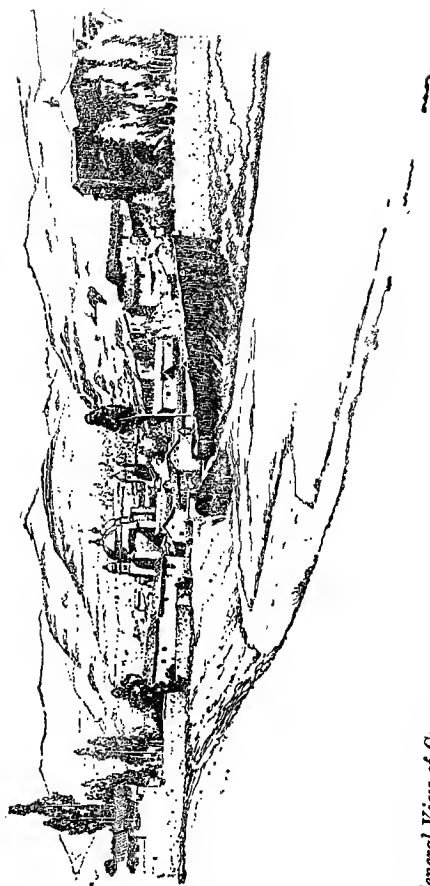
Grouped upon these steps and in the plaza stood thousands of Indians—they told us fifteen thousand. Not shiftless, half-breed Indians in cast-off European

PACIFIC SHORES FROM PANAMA

clothes, but fine-looking fellows developed like athletes by their hardy mountain life and draped in their most brilliant *ponchos* with their most elaborate pointed caps upon their heads. The garrison, Indians, too, except for the officers, stood drawn up at attention. A portion of the centre of the plaza was reserved for gentlefolk, and to this we made our way and were kindly admitted by the sentries on guard.

We had scarcely taken our places before the cathedral when its sixteen bells began to toll, the rich tones of the great Maria Angola, whose voice can be heard for miles, sounding the deepest bass.

A movement swept over the populace. The Indians dropped upon their knees; the Spaniards removed their hats. From the door of the cathedral issued the procession. First came the *alcaldes*, the Indian mayors of all the provincial towns and villages, each carrying his great staff of office, a baton or cane varying in its size and the richness of its silver ornaments according to the importance of his community, some as tall as the men themselves, as thick as their fists, bound round and round with broad bands of silver engraved with rich designs. Next followed the brotherhoods, wearing, like those



General View of Cuzco

PACIFIC SHORES FROM PANAMA

of Spain and Italy, hoods that concealed their faces; then the monks from the convents, mostly Franciscans; then the civil authorities of Cuzco, the prefect of the department, the mayor, and other dignitaries; and after them the “Santo,” followed by the clergy massed about their bishop.

The Santo, or saint, is a great figure, some eight feet high, of the Christ crucified—a fine piece of wood-carving sent over to the cathedral in the days of its infancy by the Emperor, Charles the Fifth. It is the Indian’s most revered image—his special patron saint, stained by time, and perhaps by art as well, the colour of his own dark skin. Many miracles are attributed to it, among others the cessation of the great earthquake of 1650, whence its name, Our Lord of the Earthquakes.

Once a year, and once only, on this particular Monday of Holy Week, it is taken from its glass-enclosed chapel, put upon its bulky pedestal, a mass of silver so heavy that thirty-two men stagger beneath its weight, while others follow along beside, ready to relieve them at frequent intervals.

Thus, attended by the civil and ecclesiastical authorities, it is taken in solemn state to the principal

CUZCO, THE INCA CAPITAL

churches of the city, followed by the garrison, whose muffled drums play funeral marches on the way. As it leaves the cathedral, boys, tied high up to the pillars of the portal, throw masses of crimson leaves upon it (the *ñucchu*, or funeral flower of the Incas), reddening all its upper surfaces as with a shower of blood.

Swaying back and forth upon its many unsteady human legs, slowly it makes its way through the silent, kneeling throng toward Santa Teresa. In the open square before this church the women are congregated, and, as they see it approach, they begin to moan and beat their breasts; tears start from their eyes and their emotion is evidently intense. Here also boys about the portal shower the funeral flowers. We did not wait to follow it farther, but made our way back to the main plaza, there to await its return. A kind young Peruvian, noting that we were strangers, with true courtesy invited us to occupy a window in his home just opposite the cathedral.

The sun had now set. Darkness was creeping on. The Indians were slowly coming back into the plaza. A few lights twinkled from one or two street-lamps—and I mean lamps literally, for gas has not yet appeared in Cuzco.

PACIFIC SHORES FROM PANAMA

From the direction of La Merced came the sound of mournful music. The great plaza had filled again with people, a huge, silent throng. From one corner emerged the procession, now lit by flickering candles and dominated by the great dark figure of El Señor de los Temblores. Slowly the lights approached the cathedral, finally mounting its long gables and grouping themselves against the tight-shut doors of the central portal that formed a bright background.

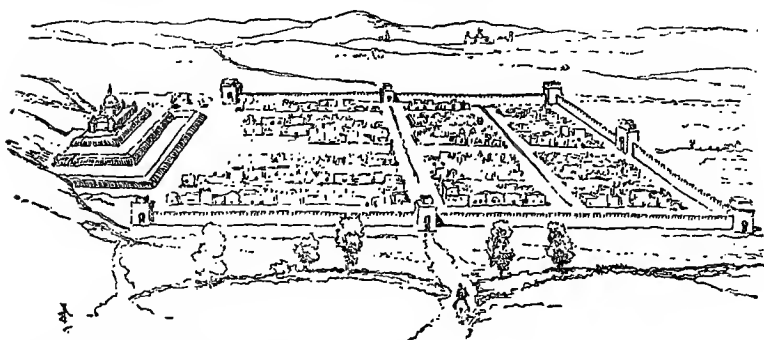
The great throng in the plaza was kneeling, and, as the black figure of the Santo mounted the steps and appeared silhouetted against the doors, a great moan, a sort of collective sob, swelling to a barbaric howl—a sound such as I had never heard before—as if in the presence of some dire calamity, swelled from the poor Indian throats; the black crucifix made three stately bows, to the north, to the west, to the south, in sign of benediction; a sigh of relief and a shudder passed over the square; the huge cathedral doors swung open; the black hole swallowed the image and the candles; the portals closed again, and all was finished.

I offer no comment upon this weird ceremony. But in its spectacular appeal to the primitive senses

CUZCO, THE INCA CAPITAL

it impressed us more than any other religious festival we had ever seen.

THE ancient city of Cuzco, when first viewed by European eyes, was, according to the best authorities,



Old View of Cuzco after Ramusio's Woodcut

a great and wealthy municipality of perhaps two hundred thousand souls. How old it was at that time we have scant means of knowing. Garcilasso would have us believe that there were only thirteen Incas in the royal line from Manco Capac to Huayna Capac; Montesinos, on the other hand, assures us that the Incas ruled for a thousand years! Which are we to believe? No written history of the race

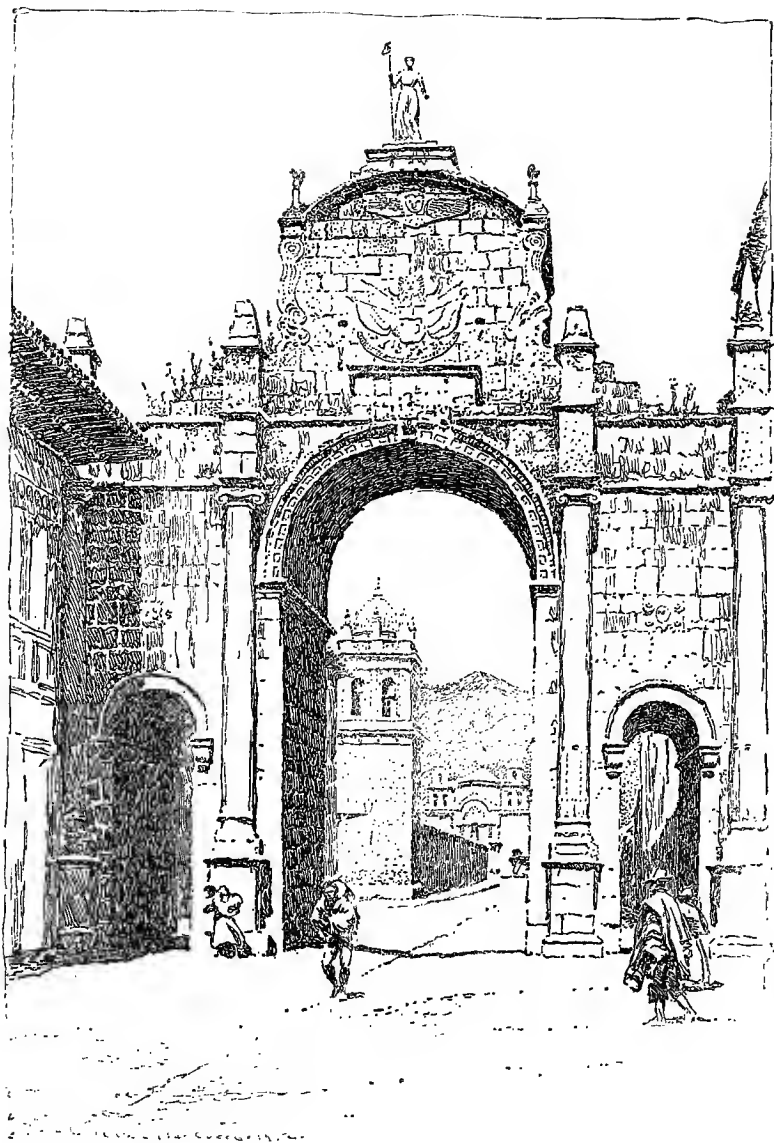
PACIFIC SHORES FROM PANAMÁ

exists—only the records of the *quipus*, those queer knotted strings that were the Incas' sole documents and for which no archæologist has as yet discovered the key, the Rosetta stone.

Cuzco's original plan was, singularly enough, that of the Roman camp, a quadrangle divided by two intersecting streets into quarters, with a gate on each face and towers at the angles. Ramusio gives an interesting woodcut, here reproduced, of the city as it appeared to the conquerors.

The Incas, like the citizens of the United States, had no more definite name for their country than Tavantinsuyu, the Empire of the Four Provinces. The four streets of the capital, prolonged by great roads, divided it into four main provinces, each under the dominion of its governor. When their people came to Cuzco they lodged in their own quarter, where they adhered to the costumes and customs of their own province.

The city to-day retains the same general plan, its two principal streets being practically the old main thoroughfares. Its two eastern quarters lie upon steep hillsides; the two western are in the valley where runs a little river, the Huatanay, spanned by bridges.



Arco di Sta. Clara, Cuzco

PACIFIC SHORES FROM PANAMA

The northeast quarter was the Palatine Hill of this South American Rome, and contains the palaces of the kings, for each Inca, after the manner of the Roman emperors, built his own abode, scorning to live in that of his predecessor. Along the steep streets of this portion of the city extensive remains of the foundations and walls of these palaces still remain, their giant stones and perfect masonry provoking the constant wonder of the traveller. Pictures of them give but a poor impression, for the heavy rustic finish of the face of each stone hides the perfection of the joints, which are so finely fitted that, devoid of mortar as they are, the blade of a small pocket-knife can scarcely be inserted into any one of them.

The Incas were not artists. Their buildings displayed neither imagination nor beauty of detail, but were characterised rather by stern simplicity and extreme solidity of construction. Had they not been used as quarries they undoubtedly would all be standing to-day, singularly well adapted as they are to the climatic conditions of this high-lying country, resisting storm and earthquake alike where the more modern Spanish buildings crumble to decay.

The most extensive ruins left by the Incas, and



Inca Rocca's Palace

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perhaps the most interesting, are those of the great fortress *Sachsahuamán*, that stands perched upon the summit of a steep hill to the north of the town.

To reach it you must climb between garden walls, up lanes laid out in rough steps, until you come to a little plaza in front of the chapel of *San Cristóbal*. The *cura* was pacing up and down before his church when we stopped to ask him a question. He immediately became communicative and we were glad that we had spoken, for he pointed out to us the many curiosities of his small domain. There was a queer row of pillories in which thieves were exhibited in the olden days; there was a curious Inca fountain, uncouthly cut to represent a female form, and near by, in a garden, raised upon a stone terrace, was all that remains of the ancient palace of *Manco Capac*, who, according to legend, was the founder of the royal dynasty. This, to my mind, is the building that occupies the important north end of the city in *Ramú*-*sio's* wood-block.

The property now belongs to a resident of Cuzco, an Italian, who has made it his *quinta*, or country home, and it is a charming spot indeed, nestled in a rustling forest of eucalypti. There are several im-

PACIFIC SHORES FROM PANAMA

portant Inca fragments scattered among these trees—sections of handsome walls, a well-preserved doorway, and extensive remains of terraces.

The road thence up the mountain is a stiff climb in this altitude, and more than once we stopped to rest and catch our breath, and regret that we had not ordered donkeys on which to scramble up the rocky paths. Several times we passed llama trains coming down, and had to climb in the rocks to let the clumsy beasts go by. Finally we reached the first huge stones of the fortress and entered its portal, which, with its steps, is still in good preservation.

Enough of the great walls remains to amaze one with their formidable character and vast extent. The Indians consider them the works of the Evil One, and small wonder, for how human hands ever reared these mighty stones upon this mountain top is quite beyond one's powers of speculation. The fort presents but a single line of defence, some twelve hundred feet long, toward the city, where the hill itself is so steep that it affords the best possible protection, but to the country behind it shows three massive walls placed one above the other, arranged with salients (a device unknown to Europeans of that

CUZCO, THE INCA CAPITAL

period) and breast-works for the defenders. The stones are cyclopean, many of them being eighteen to twenty feet long and almost the same in height; the largest, we are told, measuring no less than thirty-eight feet in length.

Crowning these mighty walls was the fortress proper, consisting of three towers. The central one, the largest, was reserved for the Inca himself and contained his royal apartments. The other two were for the garrison commanded by a noble of the royal family. As in many mediæval fortress castles, subterranean passages, also built of stone, connected these towers with the town below, thus affording a retreat for the Inca in time of peril.

Upon the hill-slopes behind the fortress, in fields of flowering shrubs, where paroquets make their homes, stand some strange rocks called by the natives "thrones of the Inca." They are certainly cut with the nicest precision, each edge as sharp as it ever was, but I can scarcely see the reason for the appellation.

We returned to the city toward sundown. The views, as we descended, were beautiful. The lovely valley, dotted with eucalyptus groves, lay green and

PACIFIC SHORES FROM PANAMA

radiant below us, framed by its towering mountains that peeped over each other's shoulders as they stretched away, fold upon fold, dimmer and yet more distant until they disappeared in far perspectives.



Old Stone Model of Sachahuamán

The city that lay beneath us, one-storied for the most part, flat along its regular streets, looks quite as it must have appeared to the Inca sitting in his fortress tower. Only now pottery roofs replace the thatch of straw or of

ychu grass that covered the older houses, and the belfries and domes of numerous Spanish churches have supplanted the gilded walls and cumbersome masonry of the ancient Inca temples.

These last lay for the most part in the southeast quarter of the city and were dominated by the great Temple of the Sun, the most revered sanctuary in all the empire, called by the people Coricancha, the Place of Gold. And well it deserved its name, for,



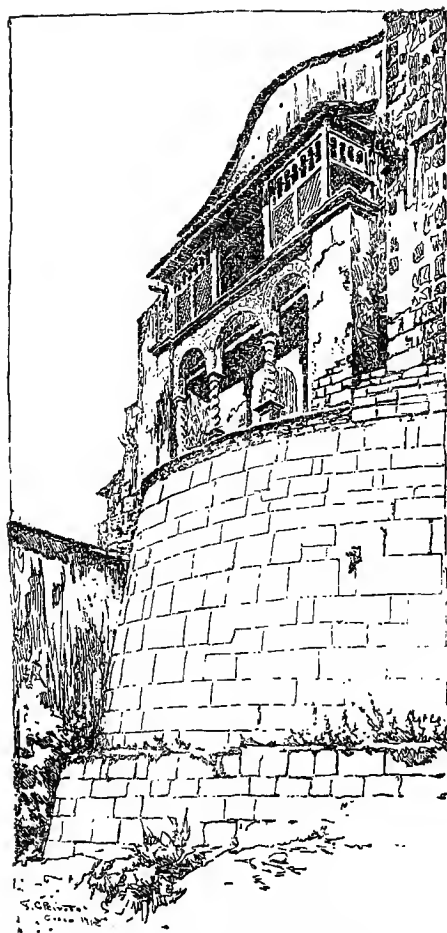
Sachisakuamán

CUZCO, THE INCA CAPITAL

according to all accounts, its walls were a perfect mine of the precious metal. Mortised into the great stones of its exterior walls, a frieze of gold, "of a palm and a half" in width, encircled the entire edifice. The interior was ablaze, as befitted a temple dedicated to the glory of light.

In the centre of the western wall a giant sun, represented by a human countenance from which rays of light sprang in various directions, glowed in all the splendour of gold and jewels. The great eastern portal was placed directly opposite and arranged so that the sun, with its first ray, gilded this golden effigy that thus threw off a strange effulgence. The walls and ceiling were incrustated with gold and the mummies of all the Incas, dressed as on occasions of state, with their *coyas*, or queens, sat about upon golden thrones.

Adjoining this main temple lesser shrines were arranged. In that dedicated to the moon, for example, all was of silver, a silvery moon replacing the golden sun. These buildings were each set in extensive gardens, whose flowers and plants and animals were of gold and silver, simulating with real skill the products of nature.



Apsé of Santo Domingo Built upon the Temple of the Sun

CUZCO, THE INCA CAPITAL

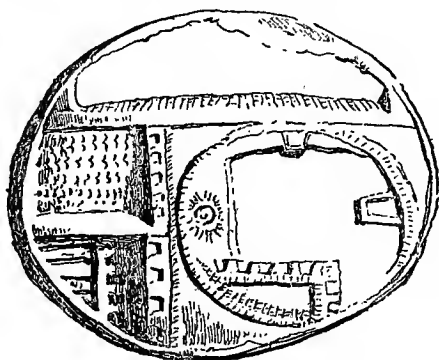
Let him who doubts these tales remember that gold in the eyes of the Peruvian Indian of that day had no monetary value whatever, that money did not exist—that gold, in the popular parlance, was “the tears wept by the sun” and that all of it found in the rich mines of Peru, the real Eldorado of the New World during the Spanish colonial period, was sent either to the Inca or to his temples. Atahualpa, for his ransom, almost filled with golden vessels a room thirty-three feet by twenty, representing a value in our money of some seventeen million dollars. What a sum in those days before the discovery of the great gold mines of modern times!

Dr. Caparo Muñiz, who possesses a remarkable collection of Inca antiquities, showed me a curious stone that he had unearthed on a farm some twelve leagues from Cuzco, at a place called Yayamarca, the Place of the Lord. It is carved to represent a ground-plan of the Temple of the Sun, and so interested me that I made a drawing of it, which I here present. It corresponds quite perfectly with the remains of the sanctuary that still exist.

These consist of important portions of its circular walls and a number of those singular niches that

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taper in toward the top like those of the edifices of Egypt. Extensive interior walls of perfect masonry are incorporated in the present church and convent



Inca Stone Representing a Plan of the Temple of the Sun

of Santo Domingo that the conquerors built immediately over the pagan temple.

I visited this old church with the rector of the university, who was kindness itself to us during our stay, and Padre Vasquez, the amiable prior of the monastery, took us about in person. Strangely enough, it was the first time that these two men had met, for the prior was comparatively a new-comer to Cuzco, so I benefited by the enthusiasm of their first visit together.

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We inspected in turn the cloister courts, the church, and all the intricate by-ways of its corridors and stairways. The Christian temple is doubtless interesting, but the walls that it stands upon and that crop out here and there in its fabric were the subject of our wonder. Theirs is the most perfect masonry of any of the Inca ruins that I saw. These are the massive smooth-faced stones that Sarmiento saw and commended, whose joints are so nicely wrought that they can scarcely be detected. How a nation, without iron or steel—with only *champi*, a mixture of copper and tin—to aid them, could have produced such finish will always be a matter of wonder. They certainly possessed some secret for cutting stone that we do not know to-day.

Near this Church of Saint Dominic stands the convent of the nuns of Santa Catalina, built upon the ruins of what was, in the time of the Incas, the House of the Virgins of the Sun, a huge structure some eight hundred feet in length. These girls, chosen by the provincial governors from among the most beautiful in the kingdom, tended the sacred fire in the temples, their duties being curiously analogous to those of the Roman vestal virgins. Their guardians, the *mama-*

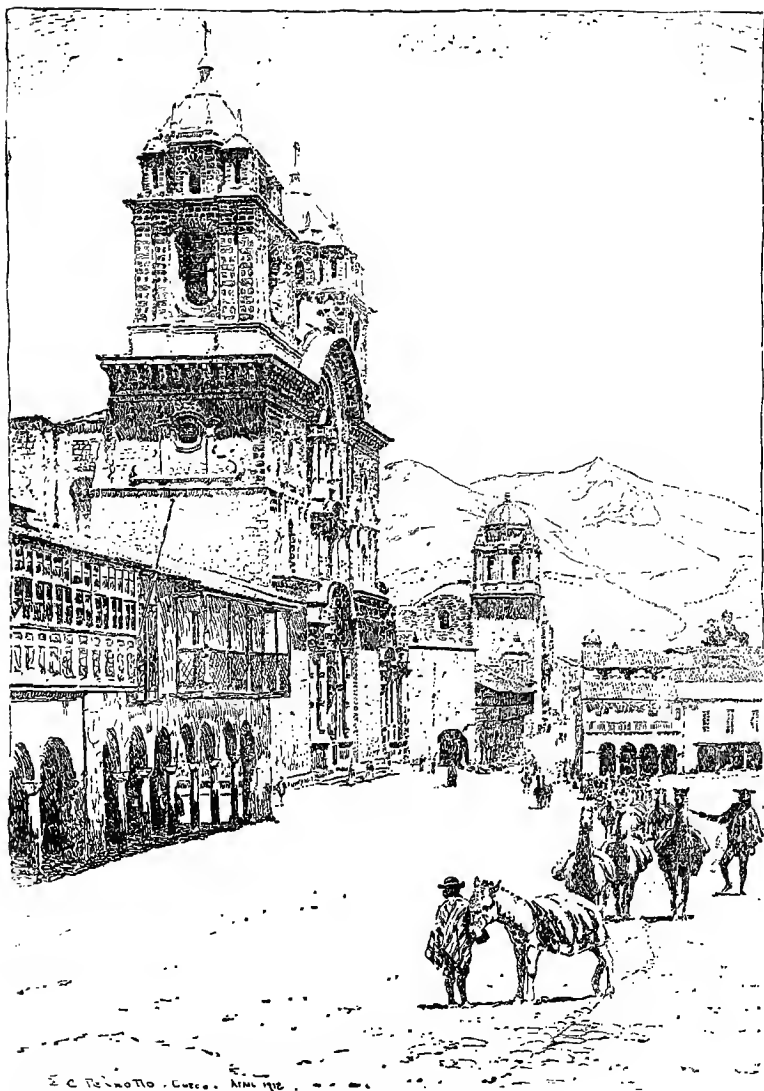
PACIFIC SHORES FROM PANAMA

cunas, taught them weaving and spinning, and from among them were selected the Inca's many concubines. Once in a while one of them was chosen for sacrifice, but this was a very rare occurrence, as the religion of the Incas only permitted of human sacrifice on occasion of exceptional importance, thereby differing materially from the rites of other American races—the wholesale slaughters of the Aztecs, for example.

Soon after the conquest the Spaniards built three great churches in Cuzco, three churches worthy of a European capital. Unlike the churches of Lima, these happily have escaped remodelling.

Two of them, the cathedral and the *Compañía*, face upon the main plaza, the heart of the city; the third, *La Merced*, is but a step away. All three are in the style of the Spanish Renaissance, patterned, let us say, from such a church as San Lorenzo of the Escorial.

The interior of the *Compañía* is the handsomest of the three. Its pillars, with their simple capitals, and its well-designed architrave support wide-spreading stone arches and broad vaults of brick. The great *retablo* that occupies its entire east end, though de-



Plaza and Church of the Compañita, Cuzco

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fective in general design, with its bulky columns and broken pediments, is filled with such fine detail—saints and angels, paintings and niches, rising tier above tier upon its golden cornices—that you forget the one in the admiration of the other. Its gilding, too—as, for the matter of that, the gilding in all these Peruvian churches—is wonderful, done with the rich, pure metal that was found in such comparative abundance at the time of the conquest. And the dust of centuries combined with the finger of time has imparted to this gold, too gaudy perhaps in its pristine glory, a patina of rare mellowness with a depth and glint in the shadow that I have never seen equalled elsewhere.

The gold of the pulpit is perhaps the most beautiful of all—in fact, the pulpit itself is a gem, remarkable alike for the beauty of its design and its exquisite workmanship, to my mind a far finer work of art than the more famous one at San Blas, which, though a marvel indeed of the wood-carver's art, is too ornate and too charged with intricate detail to merit its high repute.

Several of the original polychrome figures of saints still remain in the niches of the south transept, and

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above them a long fresco unrolls itself across the big lunette, a queer procession of black-robed monks, which, though of a much later period, has a Giottesque quality in the simplicity of its silhouettes and backgrounds.

Near the main portal are other notable pictures, significant perhaps more by reason of their subjects than for their technique. One is of distinct historic interest, depicting the marriage of Don Martin de Loyola to Da. Beatris Nusta, Princesa del Perú, a descendant of the royal Incas. A strange bird is perched upon the bride's wrist, and she wears a cape and a gown elaborately embroidered with the *ñucchu*, the favourite flower of the Incas. Sairitupa and Tupa Amaru, royal personages in rich Inca dress, sit upon thrones to the left, while the relatives of the groom are grouped at the right in magnificent Spanish court costumes, each detail of which is worked out with the utmost faithfulness.

Adjoining this picture hangs a queer painting of very large dimensions depicting a priest who, with open book, the "Exercicia Spiritualia," is confounding infidels, shown under the guise of Turks whose turbans bear the legends: Luther, Calvin, Melan-

PACIFIC SHORES FROM PANAMA

ton, Wiclete, Ecolampadio. I have transcribed the spelling letter by letter.

Upon our second visit to this church during Holy Week, the Indians were decorating the shrines for Easter, dressing Santiago in bright colours and hanging flags about his niche; placing above the altars huge fan-shaped ornaments made of bits of mirror, pieces of tinsel, and squares and lozenges of lurid colours combined with truly barbaric effect, and placing before these, little rows of monks and figures cut out of paper and dishes filled with grains and fruits—all of which looked strange indeed in a Christian temple and made us remember that the Indian of to-day has not yet lost all of his pagan practices, a fact that was brought back to us again and again as the week progressed toward Easter.

The Church of the Order of Mercy, La Merced, in which the bones of Almagro and Gonzalo Pizarro are said to rest, is chiefly remarkable for its cloisters, whose massive stone arcades and monumental staircases have for centuries withstood the storms of these altitudes and are perhaps the handsomest in Peru, though not as picturesque as some of those in Lima.

CUZCO, THE INCA CAPITAL

One morning I visited the Franciscan convent. The rector, who again accompanied me, asked for Father M——, who proved to be a sympathetic Scotchman, artistic to the tips of his long, lean fingers, a lover of music, accompanying the organ with his violin—a mystic and a dreamer, who had forsaken the business life of Lima in disgust and fled to the quiet of this mountain cloister. He kindly guided us about, showing us the strange water-fowl of the country gathered in a circular basin in one of the courts, and the lovely Spanish tiles, piled in a mass in an outhouse, that had once been ruthlessly stripped from the walls by some iconoclastic prior, presenting me with two of the best he could find, and in the sacristy he displayed the vestments of the church—some of old Spanish brocade, others rich in gold and jewels quite newly made by the nuns of Santa Catalina who dwell in the House of the Virgins of the Sun.

So the days passed by.

Sometimes we explored the by-ways of the city, sketching in the steep, picturesque streets that climb the hills; again we poked about the gaudy Indian shops that line the arcades of the plaza with their

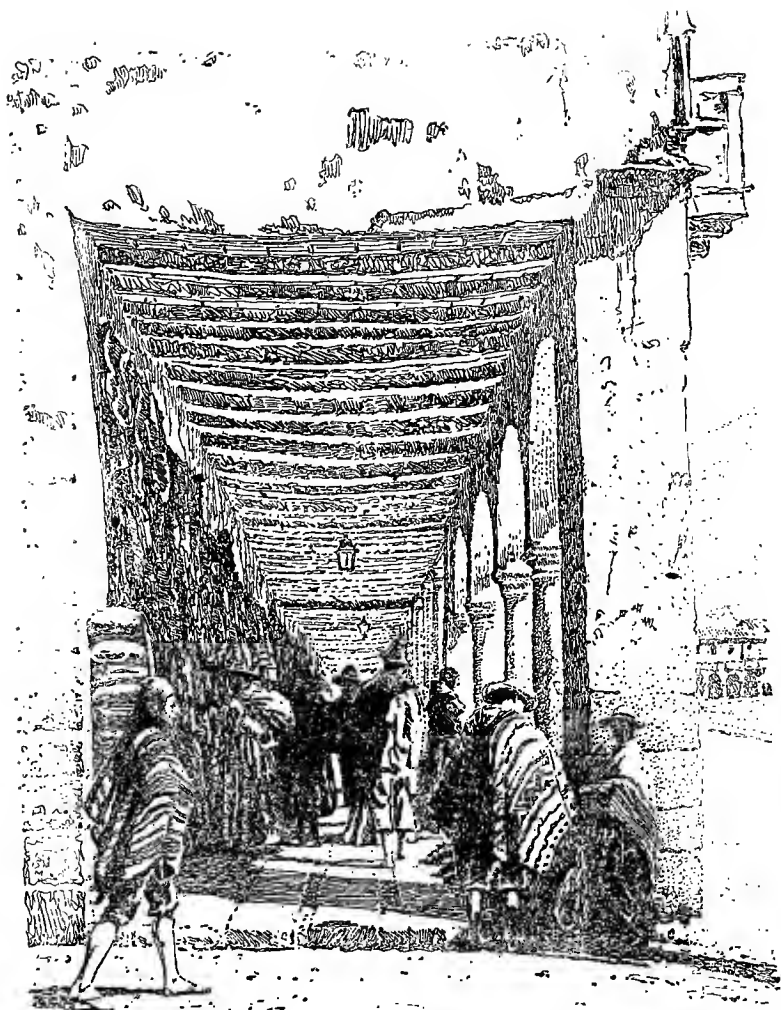
PACIFIC SHORES FROM PANAMA

vivid wares; sometimes we loitered about the market or looked for Spanish shawls and frames and laces in the shops and houses.

We remained snugly in our car during all our stay, with good Prudenizio to cook for us and faithful Juan to serve us, the hotels of the town offering but a poor alternative for the comfort of this abode out in the broad fields just beyond the smells and dirt of the town. But let me say it here—this is the only Peruvian city we visited that offended us in this way, the other places being far cleaner and better kept than most of the small towns of Italy or Spain.

The Easter services did not prove remarkable, resembling in all their essentials those we had seen in Mediterranean countries, except for one important ceremony—that of Holy Thursday.

The interior of the cathedral at Cuzco is arranged after the peculiar fashion of some Spanish churches, with its choir occupying a large space in the central nave. Richly wrought gates enclose it and a broad flight of carpeted steps lead from it to the massive silver high altar. This arrangement, though well adapted for processions, blocks the view of most of the congregation.



L. G. F. 1880
1880

Line the Arcades of the Plaza with Their Gaudy Wares

PACIFIC SHORES FROM PANAMA

On this particular morning the bishop himself was officiating. The scene was imposing. As you stood in the centre of the nave you looked in one direction toward the richly carved *sillería*, or stalls of the choir, occupied by the clergy in purple and black. Just in front of the gilded gates that shut it in, the prefect and all the civil authorities in full uniform, together with the superior officers of the garrison, sat in red-velvet arm-chairs. In the other direction you saw the high altar raised upon its lofty platform and backed by a magnificent *retablo*, carved and gilded, that reaches to the arches overhead. Priests moved about, half hidden in clouds of incense, choir-boys and assistants walked in procession between rows of people kneeling or sitting upon the llama-wool carpets of the nave, among them Spanish women in black *rebosos*, Indians in ponchos, and *cholos* in nondescript garments, half Indian, half European.

Presently all the assistants—priests, dignitaries, and congregation—moved in slow procession toward a large chapel that adjoins the cathedral, the Corazon, or Sacred Heart.

This had been dressed as for a great festival.



The Steep, Picturesque Streets that Climb the Hills

PACIFIC SHORES FROM PANAMA

Upon the massive silver high altar, with its silver tabernacle, handsome candelabra of the same metal had been placed. The reading-desk and the hanging lamps were also of silver, and in the nave itself stood many of the two hundred and eighty silver pieces given by the members of the Order of Santiago, such as huge *blandones*, or candlesticks, two metres in height, censers, in the form of tables, of the same metal—in fact, a most extraordinary mass of silver.

Against this shimmering background a peculiar ceremony was enacted, at the end of which the prefect knelt before the bishop, who hung about his neck a golden key, the key of the tomb, of which the prefect thus became the custodian until Easter.

In the late afternoon and evening the bishop, with his clergy, visited all the churches of the city one after the other. Most of the people did likewise. Every church and chapel was alight with thousands of twinkling candles, and hung with Easter decorations—not blooms such as we use, but great curtains of blue studded with silver stars, yards of coloured cheese-cloth, and tawdry paper flowers.

We went last to La Merced and remained there until after dark watching the people and the strange

CUZCO, THE INCA CAPITAL

types. When we emerged night had closed in. All along the Calle de la Merced, against the very walls of the church, booths had sprung up, lit by spluttering, smoky lanterns that cast weird lights and heavy shadows upon venders and purchasers alike, as they bargained over tables covered with white-lace cloths. Upon these tables lay the strangest-looking sweetmeats prepared ready for the Easter holidays: candied apples, browned and stuck upon sticks; jellied fruits and sugary cookies; sticky candies; and—a specialty these—swans or doves done in almond paste and laid upon plates surrounded by candied vegetables.

The bishop and his suite issued from the church door, his long purple train carried by acolytes, and slowly and with dignity he took his way down the street toward his palace in the darkness. Every street that we looked down ended in the night; we, too, made our way toward the city gate and the open fields under the stars.

LAKE TITICACA

LAKE TITICACA

ALL the afternoon, upon our return journey from Cuzco, we had been speeding through the dreary plains of the Kollasuyu, or country of the Collao, the great basin that slopes gently downward from the mountains on every hand to form the cup that holds the waters of Titicaca. Even at this great altitude (for we were more than twelve thousand feet above the sea) flamingoes stood rosy in the pools and yellow daisies carpeted the tracks. As we approached the lake, the clouds were gathering, and by the time Juliaca's church gleamed white against its background hills, giant cumuli were piling into the heavens threatening a downpour at any moment.

Darkness was creeping on. The express from the coast came snorting into the station; our car was

PACIFIC SHORES FROM PANAMA

switched on to its rear end, and again we started off in the night.

In about an hour we made the lights of Puno and



Juliaca

in a few moments drew up alongside the dock. The lake superintendent came into our coach, followed by three Indians, who took up our luggage. He also brought with him the captain of the *Coya*,

LAKE TITICACA

the steamer that was to take us over to Guaqui. At no other spot upon this globe can you have a like experience: an all-night voyage on a 700-ton steamer (the *Inca*, her mate, is 900-ton register) across a great body of water hung two miles or more above the sea.

We watched the preparations for departure with lively interest. Directly below us, upon the forward deck, among half-breeds and Indians and crates marked *pavos* and *patos* (ducks and chickens, for the La Paz market), the Bolivian mails lay piled. What distant pictures their well-worn sacks evoked—the red-and-yellow bags that carry the Correos de España from Madrid and Barcelona mingled with those barred with blue that contained our own American mails, and with other stout canvases marked “Postes de France” or “London to La Paz via Mollendo.”

From the bridge overhead our British captain gave his orders to cast off the lines. The steamer swung about and we started out into the night. The moon, hitherto hidden in filmy clouds, now appeared dramatically to light our pathway and sparkle upon the rippling water. The searchlight flashed from side to side, bringing out in turn the red buoys that

PACIFIC SHORES FROM PANAMA

mark the channel, or the tufts of grass and reeds that clothe the long spits running out into the lake.

Thus we cautiously felt our way until the channel widened, the searchlight went out, and the quickened thud of the propeller told us we were in open water.

The hills, indigo in their blue-blackness, began to recede and gradually left us alone. The clouds drew aside their curtains and the stars—so close, so bright, so numberless in this rarefied air—seemed to twinkle as they had never twinkled before. And, as my eye singled out Venus, I thought of the Incas and their reverence for the stars, especially “Chasca,” this star of the “long and curling locks,” that they honoured as the special page of the sun, sometimes preceding, then again following, its master.

We could scarcely make up our mind to go below, yet the night air was chill, and our cabin snug—a spacious saloon with three beds and an extra couch, *à l'espagnole*, for a servant in the toilet-room.

Late in the night we heard the rain pattering on the deck above us, and in the morning, when we awoke at daybreak, it was still showering. No land was in sight, only the grey waters of the lake stretch-

LAKE TITICACA

ing off to meet the low-lying clouds. But with sunrise the mists lifted, gathered themselves together, and slowly disclosed, along the water's edge, strips of land to the right—the faint forms of islands, the sacred islands of the lake, Titicaca or *Inti-Karka*, dedicated to the sun, and *Coati*, sacred to the moon, in the very spot where the founders of the Inca Empire, *Manco Capac* and his sister-wife, according to legend, rose from the waters of the lake to elevate humanity from its barbarism.

Upon *Coati*, the ruins of the convent of the Virgins of the Sun and the Moon still exist in good preservation, but under ordinary circumstances they are difficult of access, the regular steamers making no stops at the islands.

As our bow silently ploughed its way through the still waters, the shores drew nearer, the long peninsula of *Copacabana*, a revered pilgrim shrine of the Indians, almost blocking the passage to the south end of the lake. We entered the Straits of *Tiquino*, whose stony hillsides, terraced with vineyards, reminded us of the Rhine country. Little groups of thatched mud huts and pottery-roofed houses, humble homes of these primitive lacustrian peoples, lay

PACIFIC SHORES FROM PANAMA

scattered in the fields or huddled about a pointed belfry.

As we proceeded through the narrows, the clouds began to break and the sun to take possession of this, his own special lake. And what a glory he made of it! By the time we had emerged from the straits, Titicaca's waters, hitherto grey, sparkled with a million diamonds and, as the patches of bright sky grew larger, caught azure reflections until they stretched blue, pure and radiant, off to the far-distant hills.

Once or twice we passed a *balsa*, gliding quietly before the morning breeze—a frail boat of reeds, like those we had seen on the coast, though here upon Titicaca even their sails are made of reeds, like those of the children of Pharaoh.

The shore-lines, broken, complicated with numerous islands and inlets, headlands and terraced hills, presented every variety of colour as the fleecy cloud-shadows mottled their surfaces, rosy or grey, purple or violet, and in the distance the indigo mountains of the Royal Cordillera reflected themselves in the still waters. Despite the rarity and purity of this wonderful air, Sorata, king of peaks, remained invisible that morning, hiding his head in a wreath of



A Balsa on Lake Titicaca

LAKE TITICACA

clouds, but upon our return journey he showed his elusive summit far away to the eastward, the third highest peak upon the globe.

The sky was an unbroken vault of blue when we reached Guaqui. A battalion of infantry, out for manœuvres, was lounging upon the wharf, and their neat uniforms, on the German pattern, reminded us that we had left Peru and crossed the border to Bolivia.

A GLIMPSE OF BOLIVIA

A GLIMPSE OF BOLIVIA

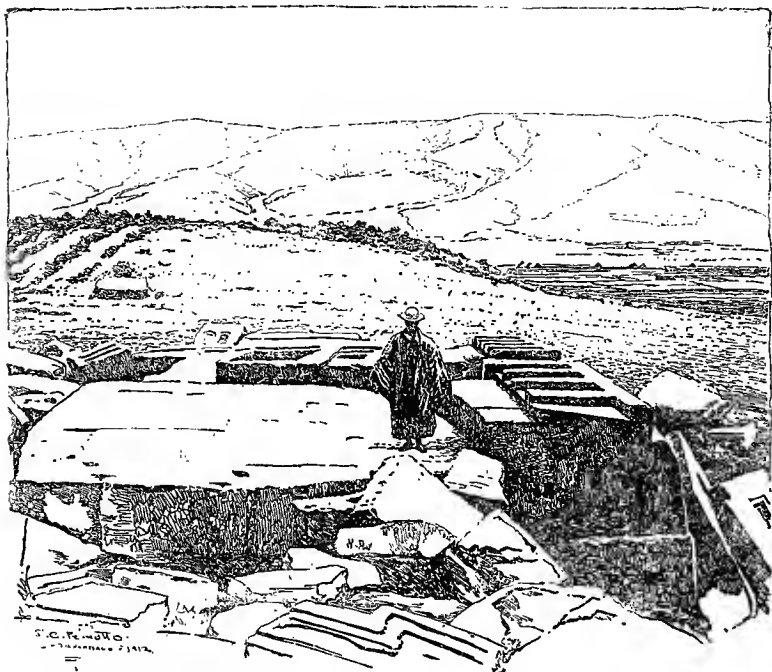
A HANDSOME young Englishman came aboard to meet us, the superintendent of the railway. The same mighty arm that had smoothed our journey thus far had reached even across the lake, and, by its ministration, a special car was waiting to take us on to La Paz. It had further been kindly arranged that an engine should take this car immediately to Tiahuanaco, leaving it there until the late afternoon passenger picked it up.

The road lay across a bleak pampa of the Collao. At the end of half an hour or so we stopped at an isolated station.

Few traces of the famous ruins of Tiahuanaco appear at first sight, but upon walking about one is amazed at their great extent. Baffling indeed they remain. Even the most vivid effort of the imagination can do little toward reconstructing them. And

PACIFIC SHORES FROM PANAMA

if a learned man like Humboldt dare not venture to fathom their mysteries, and such a ripened traveller



Ruins of Tiwanaco

as Squier calls them the “most enigmatical upon the continent,” what guess may a mere searcher for the picturesque dare hazard? Old they are certainly, of a date far preceding the Inca period; but what

A GLIMPSE OF BOLIVIA

they were, where and by whom quarried, and how transported to their present situation—one monolith is estimated to weigh seven hundred tons—all these are matters of pure conjecture.

Did a member of some Toltec band that wandered southward carve the curious figure that I have sketched, so strangely like those in Central America, or was the stone-cutter a native of these Andean table-lands, some artisan working out his own idea of art expression? An Aymara tradition declares that these sculptured images are the original inhabitants turned to stone for their wickedness by Tunupa, who was unable to reform them. The Aymaras, who, apparently, are oldest of the American peoples, have a curious account of the creation of the world. It asserts that, in the beginning, Khunu, arch-enemy of man and cause of all his troubles, froze the earth and by continued drought converted fertile plains into sterile deserts, depriving man of all that was necessary to his existence and reducing him to the level of the lower animals. But Pachacamac, creator of the world, supreme spirit and regulator of the universe, took pity upon the unfortunate human beings, and restored all that Khunu had destroyed.

PACIFIC SHORES FROM PANAMA

Khunu's anger, however, was again unchained, and he sent a deluge and plunged the earth into utter darkness.

The prayers of the people were heeded and answered by Inti, the sun-god, who rose from Titicaca, where his shrine stood, to bathe the earth with warmth and light. His efforts were ably seconded by Ticcihuiracocha, who came among mankind to help them, performing miracles as he went, smoothing down the mountains, lifting up the deep abysses, causing crystal waters to gush from the rocks and, above all, instilling into the human heart sentiments of piety, order, and industry. Realising that gold and silver were the fount of all corruption, he hid them in the depths of the most inaccessible regions or in the flanks of lofty mountains, and by his efforts and those of Tunupa, who followed him, mankind was restored to happiness and progress.

Such is the Aymaras' crude account of the creation—a sort of geological allegory, Khunu representing the Glacial period, Pachacamac the restoring forces of nature, and Ticcihuiracocha the changes of the Tertiary period.

We spent some hours wondering at the mighty



Stone Image, Tiahuanaco

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stones fashioned by these Indians; at their well-cut angles, their hints of sculpture and ornament; the nicety of their joints; the size of their megaliths, and the strange, crude carvings in the museum. One quadrangular building would seem by its extent to have been a royal residence; there is a flight of monolithic steps, and there are underground passages, well-preserved doorways, and queer upright stones that resemble Alaskan totem poles. We enjoyed, too, a walk through the little modern town, some of whose houses are built of these same pre-Inca stones, and whose church portal is flanked by curious heads unearthed in the ruins.

The ride on to La Paz continues across a bleak level plateau. Half-wild cattle and groups of mules stampede at the train's approach. Indian women, dressed in crude colours, work in the fields of quinoa, the only grain that grows upon these wind-swept *punas*. Aymaras in black or red ponchos, silent, aloof, wait at the stations.

If the Quichua Indian is sad, the Aymara is even sadder still, a look of concentrated melancholy resting ever upon his features. Unsocial, gloomy, whole families live together with scarcely, it would seem,

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a spoken word or a look of affection exchanged between them.

By many this habitual sadness is attributed to their excessive use of coca. And certainly no Aymara is ever seen without his *chuspa* or bag that contains this, his favourite drug, the delight, the support, and to some extent the necessity, of his life. I found it interesting to watch an Indian prepare to chew. First he makes himself as comfortable as possible, for it seems that, as in the case of opium, quiet and repose are essential to the full enjoyment of the drug. Then he takes his *chuspa* between his knees, and slowly, one by one, extracts the pale-green leaves, rolling them carefully to form a ball, which he chews until it ceases to emit its juice. Three or four times a day he repeats this operation, the only pleasure of his otherwise monotonous existence.

The effects of coca are varied. Taken to excess it is a terrible vice. Taken in moderation it imparts strange powers of endurance. For example, because of its anæsthetic effect upon the mucous membrane of the stomach, it deadens the pangs of hunger to such an extent that Indians under its influence have been known to work for three days without food or

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other nourishment of any kind. It seems also to lessen the fatigue of their long journeys afoot and give them strength to combat the effects of high altitudes.

Though known to Europeans but recently, the properties of the coca leaf, from which we make cocaine, have long been appreciated by the Andean Indians. To the Incas it was sacred, mystic. The priests chewed it during the religious ceremonies; it was burnt like incense before the shrines of the gods, and handfuls of it were thrown during sacrifice. Its leaves were put into the mouths of the dead to insure their favourable reception in the next world, a custom that persists even to-day. And in the mines the Indian workmen still throw it upon the veins of ore, believing it to soften the metal and render it easier to work.

The sun's intensity had gathered up the clouds once more, and off to the westward long curtains of rain obscured the distance. At Viacha a village fête was in progress. A band was playing over by the public-house, the church was dressed with flags and green boughs, and about the station a large crowd was assembled. A train, bound southward for

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Oruro and the long dreary journey down to Antofagasta, the only other means of communication between La Paz and the coast, stood on the track next us. Two of its coaches were filled with soldiers in charge of German officers, whose Teuton faces and familiar grey uniforms and cloaks looked strangely out of place in these mountain solitudes.

As we left the station the great storm-clouds that had been gathering about the mountains shifted a little, drifting just enough to disclose the icy summits and snowy peaks of two of America's greatest mountains, Illimani and Huayna Potosí. So sudden was their apparition, so amazing the grandeur of their structure, so extensive their wildernesses of snow, that our eyes never left them as we continued to approach them, appearing first on one side of the train, then upon the other. Their slopes below the snow-line were of an intense blackish blue that formed a dense, rich background to the landscape, and, to add the necessary touch to the foreground, at one point two *cholos* on light-brown mules with white feet came galloping along wrapped in magenta ponchos with yellow borders—a scheme of colour daring yet stunning and worthy of Zuloaga's brush.

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We knew that now we must be approaching La Paz, yet no hint of a city lay in the stony fields of this level plateau, stretching apparently unbroken to the Royal Cordillera upon the one hand and to an unlimited distance upon the other. Long trains of little donkeys, heavily laden, watched by their *arrieros*, and great *majadas* of llamas, each with its hundred-pound load, were coming from every direction across the plains, and all were trending toward a certain focal point ahead of us. But where could the city be?

The train whistled as it rounded a long curve, and suddenly, without warning, at the side of the track a great chasm opened, coming with such abruptness, so unexpectedly, that, breathless, we grasped some firm object for support.

At its far extremity Illimani, lightly wreathed with clouds, raised its glorious summit, gleaming in all the splendour of its dazzling snow-fields. To the left Huayna Potosí spread its glittering peaks and, cut into the flanks of these two giants of the Andes, seamed and scarred by glacial torrents, deeply eroded, mined by cataracts and rivers, this profound valley has been excavated by the primeval forces of



A Llama Train on the Bolivian Highlands

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nature. At its bottom, far below us, fifteen hundred feet or more, lay the city of Our Lady of Peace, La Paz, from whose slate roofs and towers a pale-blue vapour seemed to emanate as if it were offering incense at the shrine of some great god. And fittingly, for were not these two mountains, Illimani and Huayna Potosí, the Indian's Olympus, the abode of his chief deities!

Along the precipitous walls of this abyss, white fillets of road cut zig-zags and loops, along which we could make out the donkey-trains and llamas with their horsemen and drivers crawling slowly downward like strings of ants.

Our steam-driven engine was now changed to one run by electricity, and our train plunged over the brink. The upper plains vanished. Steep walls gradually rose about us. The houses of the city at each turn lifted themselves nearer, and in twenty minutes we were at the station of the Bolivian capital.

Viewed from the rim at the Alto, La Paz looks flat. Upon closer acquaintance, however, it proves to be one of the hilliest cities that you can find, clinging as it does to the slopes upon both banks of the Chuquiapu, the river or rather the torrent that tears

PACIFIC SHORES FROM PANAMA

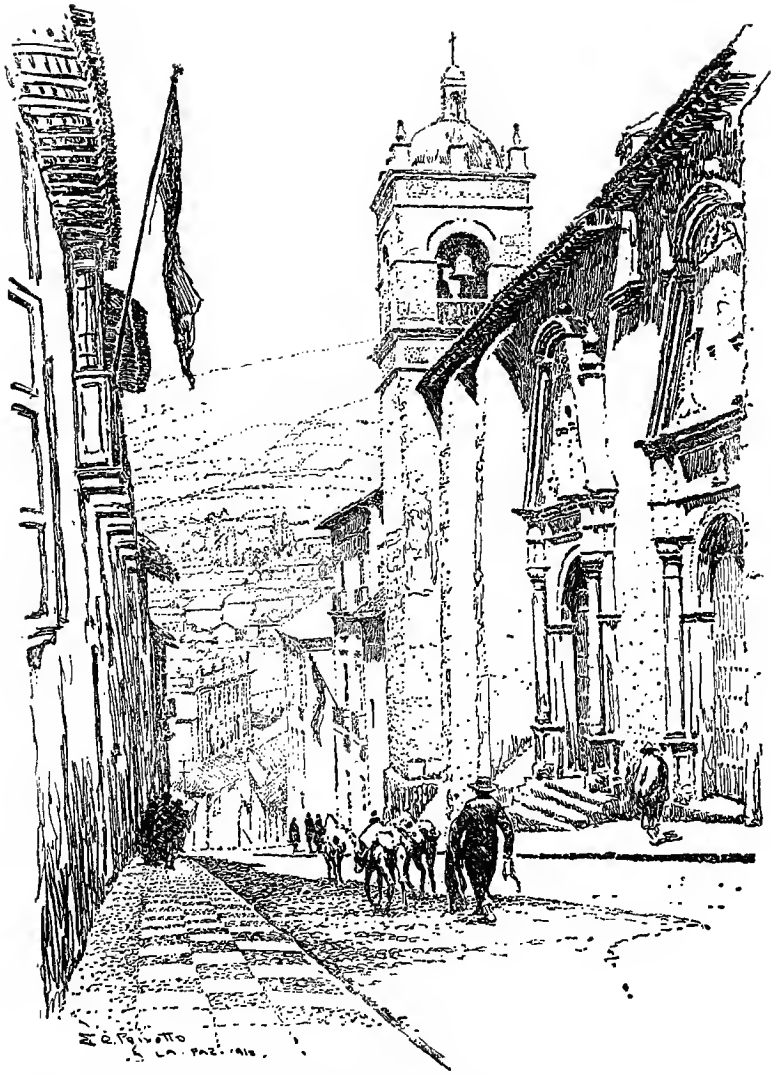
through the bottom of the valley. Its steep streets plunge down one hill only to ascend another, and in this altitude you constantly find yourselves pausing for breath. But the bright colours and gay architecture of the houses, the rather modern aspect of the clean, well-paved thoroughfares, make the city attractive to a degree, though it lacks the fine monuments and relics of the past that one finds in the Peruvian cities.

By this I do not mean to imply that there are no old palaces or churches. As a matter of fact, there are important buildings several centuries old, for La Paz was founded away back in 1549, and called "The City of Peace," to commemorate the reconciliation between Almagro and Gonzalo Pizarro. How any man had the courage to select this site is quite beyond one's powers of comprehension, yet the wisdom of the choice is apparent, protected as the city is by the walls of its great chasm against the bitter winds and storms that sweep this mountain world.

The principal hotel, installed in an extensive old palace surrounding two fine stone courts, overlooks one corner of the Plaza Mayor that forms the heart of the city, the centre of its activities. It is planted



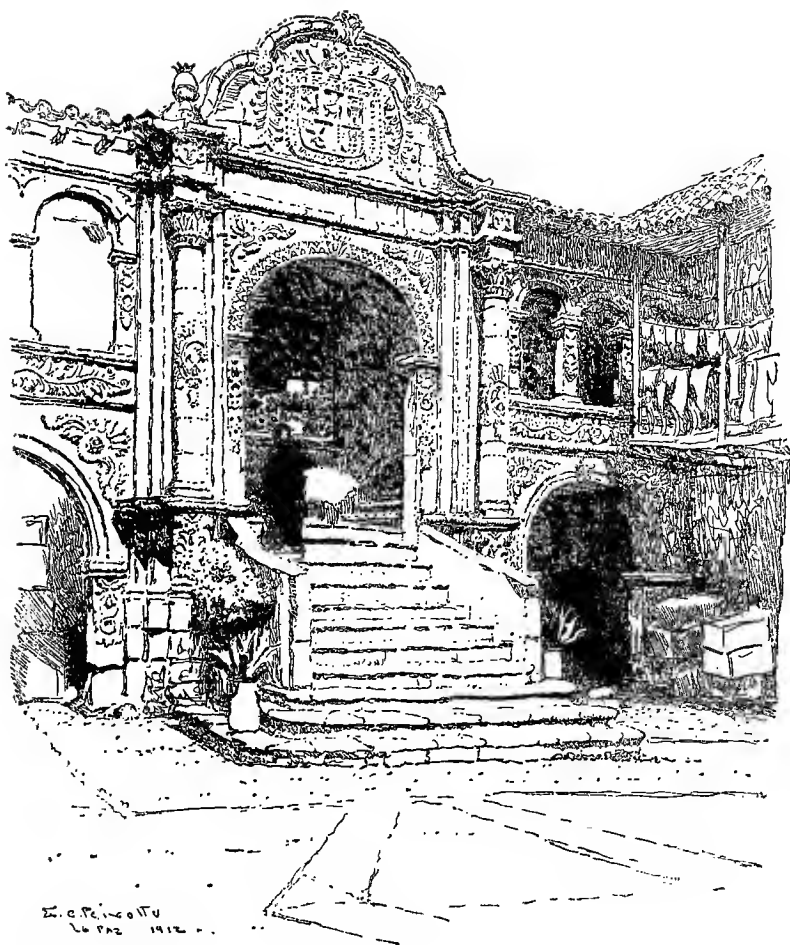
La Paz from the Alto



Streets Plunge Down One Hill Only to Ascend Another

PACIFIC SHORES FROM PANAMA

with pretty flower-beds and trees, semi-tropical in character, and decorated with a central monument. Fronting upon it are the handsome government buildings, a fresh new café and club, the unfinished cathedral, begun when the mines of Potosi were at the height of their activity, and the President's Palace, where a group of soldiers mount guard in smart uniforms and bright steel helmets. In it, too, stand the carriages, open vehicles, each drawn by four horses, which fact will give you some idea of the steepness of the streets. Few carts are ever seen, but pack-trains pass one constantly. Sometimes these are composed of big mules, laden with tin and ore from the great deposits of Huayna Potosí, headed by a bell-horse with red head-dress and gay pompons, and followed by the *arrieros*, well mounted, watchful, shouting to their beasts, now in terms of endearment, then again in curses. Next, perhaps, will come a flock of llamas, loaded with ice from the Sierra, the cold water trickling over their shaggy coats, or a long string of sure-footed donkeys carrying wood or fresh wheat from the fields, or dried sheep from the mountains, or loads of oil, two dozen bottles on either side.



Old Courtyard, La Paz

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Sometimes, even, these pack-trains consist of men—also true beasts of burden—carrying incredible loads. I saw, for instance, a family moving, every household article—beds, tables, wardrobes, lounges—carried on human backs up the steep streets, twelve thousand feet above the sea! Even pianos are thus moved, slung on rawhide ropes between six bearers. And again one asks one's self, is it the coca that gives them the heart to do such work?

You may see the Indian life down at the market, which, oddly enough, reminded us in several ways of the souks of Tunis with its pale-green colonnades, through which glints of dazzling sunshine filtered; its stalls with their venders squatting cross-legged upon them, even the type of these bejewelled venders themselves, *cholo* women for the most part.

Of all the types of La Paz, these stout *cholitas* are the most characteristic. Because of the decrease of the Indian race and the apathy of the Spanish whites, who constitute only one-eighth of the entire population of the country, the future of Bolivia rests largely upon these half-breeds, who, cunning and shrewd at a bargain, have amassed much wealth.

Their women afford the evidence of this pros-



Group at the Market, La Paz

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perity. Often distinctly handsome, their clothing is spotless. Upon their heads they wear quaint little felt hats stiffened and chalked as white as snow. Their dress, usually of some rich material, is covered, when on the street, by a great shawl whose long silken fringes sweep about their ankles, and whose folds are held in place by a handsome pin of gold, usually set with baroque pearls or emeralds, from which dangles a jointed fish, also of gold, with pearls or emeralds for eyes. Their long ear-rings match this pin and are also of gold and precious stones.

When they bend over to bargain with the seated women, they disclose their canary-coloured, high-heeled shoes, ornamented with tassels, and a few inches of tight-drawn creamy stocking veiled by the well-starched laces of innumerable petticoats that give body to their voluminous skirts.

Petticoats seem to be the great luxury of the native women of all classes. Even the poor Indians wear a dozen. When a new skirt is needed it is added on the outside, those underneath remaining just as before. As they choose only the brightest colours, the effect of these multi-coloured garments worn one above the other is often startling indeed.

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On Sunday mornings the market spills over into all the adjoining streets, along whose curbstones the Indian women squat with their wares spread out upon the ground before them. And what a debauch of colour they make, brilliant as any tulip-beds in Holland! Red, green, magenta, purple, blue, crimson—all the colours of a post-impressionist—their balloon-like skirts go ambling along. No German aniline dye is too strong for them.

And through this gaudy throng the creamy spots of the cholo women and the black *mantas* of the Spanish ladies, who understand the distinction of their sombre attire, strike the necessary accents.

Down by San Francisco—a handsome church of the early eighteenth century, with a remarkable nave and vaulting—is another market where the Indians buy their clothes and the homespun cloths for the bags and saddle-blankets of their animals. Little stalls, where women sell laces and bits of jewelry and sandals worked with velvet appliqué, stand wedged between the buttresses of the church, and along the Calle del Mercado near by are the shops, gay with colour, where you may purchase bright ponchos and pointed caps knitted in intricate de-

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signs. In them, too, you may often see men from the Yungas, the rich tropical valley that lies below La Paz, and the principal seat of its coca cultivation—youths whose long hair, tied in queues, falls about their shoulders, and whose gay-striped ponchos conceal all else but their sturdy, bronzed legs bared to the knees.

If you wish to see the Spanish life you must go, some afternoon, across the bridge to the Alameda, where the band plays two or three times each week, and where the people promenade under the eucalypti along a broad avenue bordered by the new villas owned by the wealthier citizens of La Paz and by the members of the diplomatic corps. To judge from one or two we visited, these homes possess every modern comfort, and judging from the conversation that we heard within them, their residents indulge in most of the social pastimes that we enjoy—teas, theatre parties, riding clubs, and tennis clubs, though the high altitude is rather against all outdoor sports.

As soon as you leave the streets of the city, in any direction, you are at once confronted with the savage aspect of the country that surrounds it. Forming the

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continuation of each steep thoroughfare, as it were, rise the cliffs and pinnacles, coloured by mineral ores,

of this forbidding valley.



An Aymara Musician

Having viewed it from above at the Alto, it is well to see it from below by walking down to Obrajes, where the Chuquiapu thunders along in its mad run to the sea, mining its way deeper and ever deeper into its stony bed. There is a well-founded theory, I believe, that this valley of La Paz was at one time the bed of the great river that drained Titicaca, whose only outlet nowadays is the Desaguadero, that leaves the lake near Guaqui, to sink finally into Oruro's salty plains.

And certainly immense volumes of water must have poured down these gullies, and still do for that matter, after the frequent and angry rains.



In the Obrajes Valley

A GLIMPSE OF BOLIVIA

As you descend, the floral life that has been so entirely absent upon the high plateaus begins to bloom again. Purple lupin and black-eyed susans, wild roses and calceolaria, with their beautiful slipper-shaped flowers, mingle with masses of broom and geranium, while the heads of tall pampas grasses nod along the river-bank. Pepper-trees and willows shade the occasional dwellings.

At the roadside an Indian sits making the pastoral reed-pipes that all the natives play, and the syrinx, also of reeds, such as the great god Pan played in Arcadia. Llamas and donkey-trains, climbing to the capital, stumble up the rocky road. High above hangs the Capilla, a chapel, as its name implies, to which we climbed another afternoon to enjoy the wonderful panorama from a belvedere near by, that overhangs a chaos of valleys and mountains, chain upon chain, culminating in Illimani's dazzling peak that rears its head 21,000 feet above the sea.

Finally, in our descent, we reached the public square at Obrajes, and were just admiring the gardens that seemed quite tropical in their exuberance after the rugged plants of the upper plains, when a terrific hail-storm swept upon the valley—thunder, lightning, and torrents of rushing water.

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In a few moments all the country was awash. We took refuge in an inn close by, whence we telephoned to a friend in the city to send down a cab. A long wait, during which we whiled away the time by watching the life of this wayside tavern, finally brought us the usual four-horse vehicle, whose leather top was filled with hail-stones as big as birds' eggs.

The storm had abated, however, as quickly as it had begun, and as we climbed upward in the waning light the clouds lifted; the crags and castellated pinnacles grew rosy; a shepherd's lonely flute, as in Beethoven's "Pastorale," lifted the plaintive voice of its *yaravi*; the birds resumed their songs, and all nature seemed to give thanks for its deliverance from the storm.

THE RETURN TO PANAMA

THE RETURN TO PANAMA

WE left La Paz in the early afternoon, and before sundown were aboard the *Inca* upon the shores of Titicaca. The night was perfect. I opened the window and its curtains, so that if I awoke I could again behold the wonderful stars of these high altitudes.

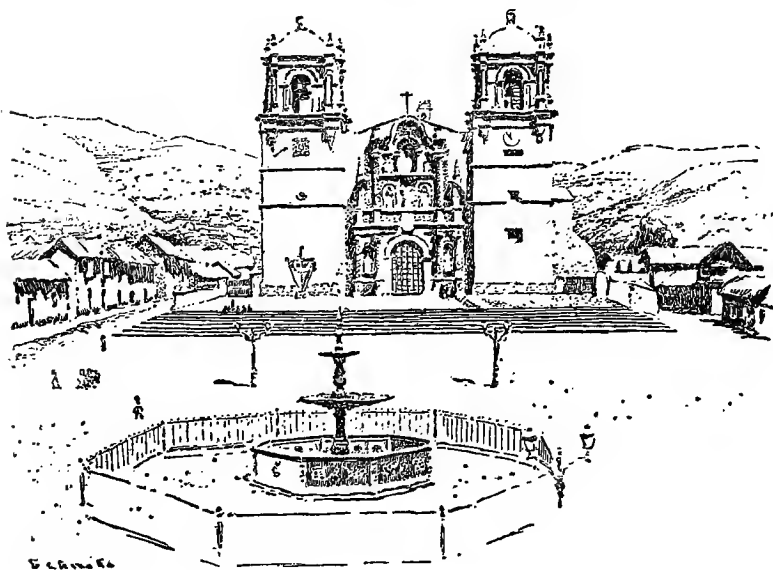
At the first hint of dawn, I was on deck awaiting the sunrise. The sky to the east was burnished silver, then turned to gold, as the sun showed its gleaming face above the mountains. Once in a while Sorata's mighty peak appeared between the islands.

The shore was quite close to the westward and, as the sun rose, it gilded the bare hills that form a great saucer about Puno until they glowed like copper. Reed *balsas* lay in the shadow among the

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rushes, while their fishermen prepared for the morning's catch.

As we came up to the dock at about six o'clock, I



The Plaza, Puno

spied our now familiar private car, the same that had been our home during all our journey to Cuzco, still awaiting us, though we had been absent almost two weeks. Faithful Prudenizio was standing upon the step, and through the windows of the observation

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end I could see Juan putting the last touches to the breakfast-table, adorned with fresh roses and carnations. It was like coming home again to find our luggage and our various purchases in the state-rooms, and to be welcomed by these two good servants.

Shortly after we were speeding along toward the coast.

The mountains that, upon our ascent, had veiled their summits in the clouds, now shone resplendent in the clear morning air. Oh, that glorious journey down, with the Andean giants about us dominated by the snow-fields of Coropuna! The icy peaks of Chachani and Misti's exquisite silhouette greeted us later, and then the green valley of the Chili opened below.

We stopped again for a few days in Arequipa, took the fast boat at Mollendo, and twenty-four hours later were landing at Callao en route for Lima. Here we lingered for a week, refreshing the memories of our first visit, and seeing the friends that had been so kind to us.

Then followed six days of quiet aboard the good ship *Guatemala*—six days of lazy dreams, watching

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the changing colours of land and sea; the *lanchas* loading and unloading at the different ports; the queer birds and the amphibia about the islands—dreaming, too, of the treasure-ships of the olden days whose tracks we were now following, and of Sir Francis Drake, whose long cruise from Magellan Straits took him far northward to the California coast, our present destination.

What a sea for the yachtsmen, this calm blue Pacific, that, in these equatorial latitudes, so well deserves its name!

Then one morning the Pearl Islands rose in the northeast, and an hour or two later we were off the quarantine station at Panama.

**FROM THE ISTHMUS TO THE
GOLDEN GATE**

FROM THE ISTHMUS TO THE GOLDEN GATE

I

IN CENTRAL AMERICAN WATERS

THE sun was setting behind the palm-fringed hills. The fairway of the canal, reflecting the rosy tints of the sky, stretched placid and opalescent off into the Gulf of Panama. The noisy cranes had ceased their creaking; the passengers were all aboard. Slowly we backed from Balboa's dock, swung about, and took our course down the bay. As we passed Taboga Island the short twilight of the tropics deepened, and before we knew it the shades of night had shut us in.

So here we were well started upon our twenty-three days' voyage to San Francisco. Now twenty-

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three days at sea at best is not a pleasant prospect, twenty-three days of "wet-ploughing," with nothing to vary the tedium of the long, inactive hours; twenty-three days perhaps of wind and rain and heavy weather. But upon this occasion no thoughts like these dismayed us, for were we not to put into about a dozen different ports, to enjoy long shore excursions, and perhaps, best of all, to be sure of a calm sea with a bright sky, for the beginning of the rainy season was still a month away?

We started upon a Saturday night. All day Sunday we were in the gulf coasting by low, wooded shores to Cape Mala, and that evening the sun set apparently upon the wrong side of the ship, owing to our continued southerly course.

On Monday we passed the Island of Monterosa lifting high its wooded peak; then the Ladrones, but not those so important in the old navigation of the Pacific, the half-way house so to speak between Mexico and the Orient; then at Burica Point we had our first glimpse of the Golfo Dulce.

In the Pacific south of Panama we had thought the sea was calm, for its surface was only now and then slightly ruffled by the cool breeze that blows up

THE ISTHMUS TO THE GOLDEN GATE

the coast. But here in these Central American latitudes it lay motionless, oily, lazy, its only show of life being the long heaves that slowly passed over it as if to mark its breathing. I watched a sailor take the temperature of the water, and his thermometer registered eighty degrees.

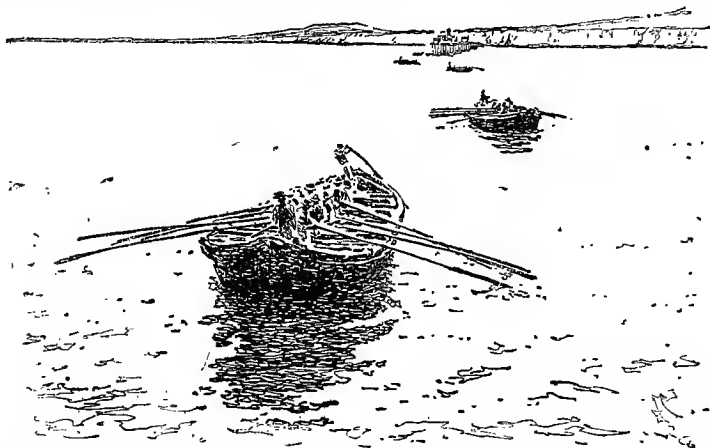
Between Matapalo Head and Sal si Puedes Point the coast rose to ranges perhaps two thousand feet in height. Deep fringes of cocoanut-palms skirted the shore, backed by lovely hills covered with dense wood, among whose trees, the captain assured us, fine mahogany, rosewood, and cedars are still to be found in large quantities. Toward sundown we sighted Caño Island, a veritable Robinson Crusoe's isle, quite alone upon the deep, yet wooded and apparently provided with all the necessities of human existence.

All day Tuesday we were off the coast of Nicaragua, in a fine clipping breeze, and at night crossed the mouth of the Bay of Fonseca, important commercially, as Honduras, Nicaragua, and Salvador all have frontages upon it.

On Wednesday morning the land was again very near, so close indeed that we could plainly see the

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long sandy beaches, the rich foliage of the hills, and the lazy breakers of the Pacific swell rolling in the logs and driftwood. These were the coves that Gil



Watching the Lanchas

Gonzales explored, as virgin to-day as when he, the first white man to behold these

“Seas unsailed and shores unhailed,”

saw them from the deck of his high-pooped galleon.

Suddenly, as we watched, among the inland mists that rose in the warm, moist air, a blue silhouette appeared, so faint that we could scarcely distinguish its

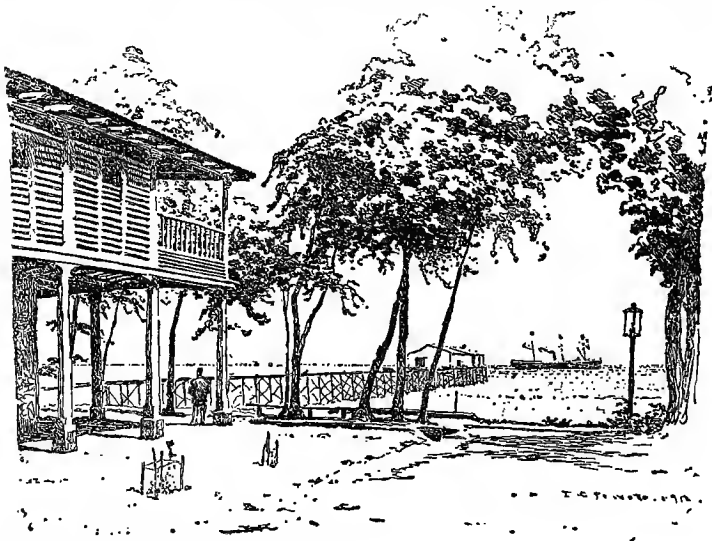
THE ISTHMUS TO THE GOLDEN GATE

outline, so high that we could hardly believe our eyes—the conical peak of Vicente rising more than seven thousand feet above the sea, one of the long successions of volcanoes that bristle along this Central American sea. Soon we passed the mouth of the Rio Jiboa, that empties into Lake Ilo Pango; then the long sierra that separates San Salvador from the coast came into view.

Scarcely a sign of human life had enlivened these three days' travel, but now ahead a mole protruded into the sea with a white warehouse upon its end. This was all that at first sight marked La Libertad, at one time Salvador's main port, but now, since the opening of the railroad at Acajutla, somewhat abandoned. We went ashore, however, in the agent's boat, were hoisted in a chair from it to the dock, and spent the afternoon wandering about the village, drinking cocoanut milk and nibbling tamarinds in a shop; seeing the old church, a wofully poor affair; and enjoying the tropical trees and plants. We returned to the ship in a big lighter laden with coffee, were duly hoisted aboard again in a sort of car like those used in roller-coasters, and soon were off to sea again.

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Not for very long, however, for upon the following morning we cast anchor off Acajutla. As upon the west coast of South America, these Pacific ports are, with one or two exceptions, merely open roadsteads



The Mole, La Libertad

where the steamers lie within a mile or so of shore. Passengers, baggage, and freight alike are transferred in lighters, the experiences attending embarkation and debarkation being sometimes quite thrilling.

A number of passengers were leaving our steamer

THE ISTHMUS TO THE GOLDEN GATE

at Acajutla, among them the family of a president of Ecuador who had just been ruthlessly murdered in a revolution, and whose relatives were seeking asylum in Salvador. These people, as well as the secretary of the American legation at San Salvador, who was also in their party, proposed that we should accompany them inland as far as Sonsonate, where they were to spend the night, proceeding to San Salvador upon the morrow. Our captain assured us that we could do this, provided we returned by the early train next morning.

So after lunch, four at a time, the whole party—stout Spanish ladies all in deepest black, Indian servants, attentive and watchful, carrying bandboxes, handbags, parrots, and lap-dogs, as well as ourselves—all were lowered into a lighter and hoisted ashore again at the *bodega* perched on the end of the mole. We found we had time before the train's departure to look about the village and its great coffee warehouses. Then we all enjoyed refreshing beverages upon the balcony of the port-agent's house overlooking the palm-sheltered village, with its bamboo huts and its women peddling fruits, *frijoles*, and starchy-looking puddings.

PACIFIC SHORES FROM PANAMA

A little train finally came crawling in, and soon we were off upon our trip inland. At first we passed through a rich grazing country. The name of the second station, Moisant, recalled the intrepid aviator who was the first to fly the English Channel. And rightly, for here is situated the great *beneficio*, or plantation, operated by his brother, and from which he too went forth to lead his adventurous career. Adventurous, indeed, is the word, for all the country remembers him as a dare-devil, ever in hot water, manning a Gatling gun in the square at Sonsonate, holding it alone against the revolutionists, or swimming to sea to plant the Stars and Stripes upon a French ship that had gone ashore near Acajutla, thus bringing our government into international complications.

He was finally exiled from Salvador, but returned in disguise, going directly to see the President. When he was admitted, he tore off his false beard and said: "Well, here I am back again; what are you going to do with me?" To which the President, quite taken aback and lost in admiration at his daring, replied: "Why, nothing at all, Tom. Come and have a drink."

The world knows of his career as an aviator—his

THE ISTHMUS TO THE GOLDEN GATE

spectacular apparition from nowhere, his heroic crossing of the Channel to the amazement and discomfiture of England, and of his sad, untimely death. This, his old home, an American-looking house, peaceful, comfortable, always open to the breeze, is set under waving cocoanut-palms in the midst of fields of sugar-cane.

The foliage hereabout was particularly handsome. Palms and *conicaste*, with their soaring trunks and umbrella-like burst of leafage at the top, mingled with superb *madre de cacao* giants of the forest both in height and spread, so called because the cocoa plant is sheltered from the ardent sun beneath their spreading branches, as broad as those of the greatest oaks. Cattle grazed in the lowlands and the corn was ripening to perfection, irrigated by little ditches.

In less than an hour we reached Sonsonate. The quaint hotel, primitive but decent, called the Blanco y Negro, is but a step from the station. They showed us a large room opening directly upon the street by means of a shuttered door, and upon the patio by a similar entrance. There were no windows, but we slept in the draught between the doors. The spacious dining-room in the court was also open on

PACIFIC SHORES FROM PANAMA

every hand to the winds of heaven by reason of large unglazed air-spaces that in rainy weather could be closed by movable shutters. Upon each table, among the usual articles, stood an olive-oil bottle, filled with a thick, black mixture, which, on closer acquaintance, proved to be the richest extract of coffee, a few drops of which at breakfast in a cup of milk made strong *café au lait*.

Sonsonate has but one street of importance. Only a few paces from the hotel it crosses a high bridge that commands a fine view up and down a deep gorge, luxuriantly tropical, where the women stand knee-deep in the pools washing their vari-coloured garments, and of the handsome blue distant mountains that shut off the town to the eastward.

Upon this bridge there is always a strange concourse of people and animals: women, straight and erect, balancing baskets of fruit, *ollas* of water, and brown earthen bowls of *frijoles* upon their heads; ox-carts rumbling along upon their solid wooden wheels and covered with great dried cowhides, and once in a while a little tram-car, mule-drawn, that seems to meander off to nowhere at all. The pavement of the street rises and falls in a thousand ruts



Sonsonate

THE ISTHMUS TO THE GOLDEN GATE

and gullies, heaving itself as if a long series of earthquakes had utterly shattered its cobbled surfaces.

The little shops are kept for the most part by Chinamen or Armenians, and one of the latter, when I asked for souvenir postal cards to send to friends, could only produce views of Jerusalem! In the Chinese shops you can find the pretty silken scarfs that the women wear, made in China especially for this Central American trade, and most becoming they are, framing the dark oval faces in their soft silky folds.

It was at vespers that, toward twilight that afternoon, we saw them to their best advantage. The church interior, spacious and airy, is painted pink and pale water-green, and against this background, like bouquets of soft flowers, nodded these scarf-covered heads, coral and violet, lavender and pale-blue, heliotrope and white. As night came on, the women trooped away out under the golden bamboo arch that shades the transept door and through the plaza, stopping perhaps to buy some bits of food from the venders who squatted on the curbstones before the great columns of the portico, their earthen bowls cooking with a spluttering of oil over open fires kindled in the gutter.

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There was a concert in the plaza that evening. A military band discoursed excellent music from the band-stand, while under the lovely flowering trees that stained the pavement with their falling blooms, the townspeople sat upon blue benches or walked around the leafy avenues. Girls, four abreast, arm in arm, pale as moonflowers, with their hair, silky and well cared for, hanging loosely down their backs, swished their starched skirts as they passed; negro women, black as night, in scarlet dresses with long golden ear-rings dangling about their necks, walked quietly behind their mistresses; the blue Prefectura gleamed ghostly in the moonlight, and even the cold, white, classic church, whose great columns swell like those of Egypt into lotus-flower capitals, took on the warmth and glamour of this southern night, making a picture like the scenic setting of some grand opera.

II

GUATEMALA AND ITS CAPITAL

WE awoke at dawn, took the early train, and by ten o'clock were once more aboard the ship. That night we crossed the boundary to Guatemala and anchored in the early morning at its chief Pacific seaport, San José. Our steamer carried a consignment of steel rails destined for a link in the Pan-American Railway. These were to be put off at Champerico, the next port, a lengthy and tedious operation that, in the ground swell, would usually require about two days. So we planned to utilise this time in making a trip up to Guatemala City.

This was a Saturday, and according to all calculations our steamer could not leave Champerico before the following Tuesday morning at the earliest. In order to facilitate our departure our captain, who

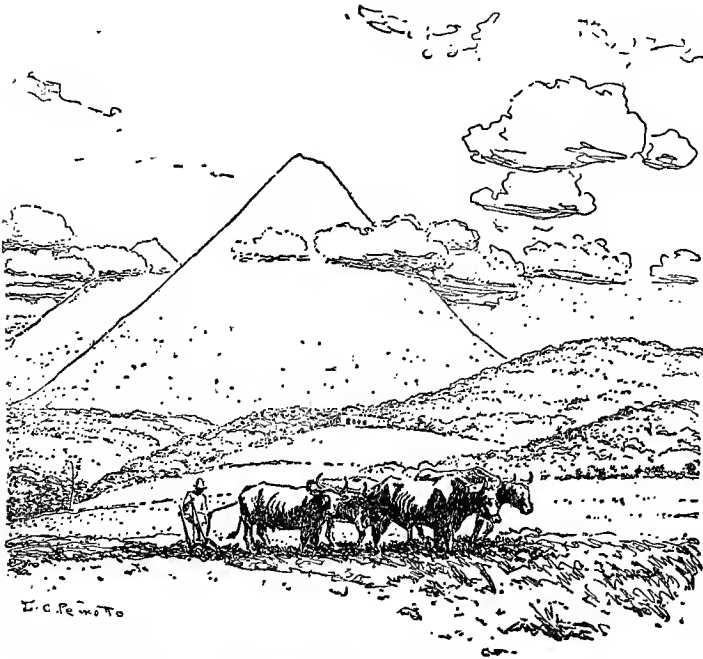
PACIFIC SHORES FROM PANAMA

was kindness and thoughtfulness itself during all this cruise, sent us quickly ashore in his gig. We found the Pacific Mail agent upon the dock, and he too assured us, after some demur, that the trip, as we planned it, was feasible. So presently we were seated in the train again ascending the hills toward the interior of Guatemala. The air was moist and big vaporous clouds hung about the distant mountains. The country through which we passed at first resembled the ride to Sonsonate, being chiefly through grazing-lands interspersed at times with large plantations of sugar-cane or bananas. Natives in gay costume leaned from the doorways of palm-leaf huts.

Beyond Escuintla the air grew cooler; the clouds lifted to some extent and disclosed richly wooded hillsides, well-tilled fields, and *beneficios* with pink, box-like houses surrounded by long white arcades. Clear little streams fringed with willows ran merrily down to the sea. The views toward the coast were lovely as the train rounded curve after curve, always mounting to cooler heights. But the great volcano, Agua, stubbornly refused to show itself on this our upward journey.

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At the stations the Indian women met the train to peddle their fruits: mangoes and pineapples, chiri-



Ploughing on Agua

moyas, alligator pears, and loquats. And a gay picture they made with their thick black hair bound tight about their heads to form braided crowns, plaited with broad ribbons of lilac and green. Their

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strong yet delicately moulded arms emerged from white chemisettes, enriched with embroidery, and so short that when they raised their hands to steady the baskets upon their heads, the bare bronze skin of their lithe, graceful bodies was revealed to the waist-line. For skirts they only wear hand-woven cloths, gay with patterns, wrapped closely round their hips—so tightly, indeed, that every movement of their shapely limbs is disclosed as they walk along.

The gorges grew deeper as we ascended, and in their glens, half hidden in a tangle of creepers, vines, and flowering yucca, we could see great tree-ferns spreading their tops like giant umbrellas. The volcanic mountains took on strange shapes, and presently we found ourselves upon the reedy banks of the broad lake, Amatitlan, along which the train now ran for many miles, crossing it at one point upon a long low bridge. We were by this time nearly four thousand feet above the sea, and the air was deliciously cool and refreshing after the humid atmosphere of the coast.

At Moran, whose ruined church by the track stood a silent witness to the devastation of an earthquake, we knew we were approaching the capital,

THE ISTHMUS TO THE GOLDEN GATE

for women hurried along toward the city with their market produce balanced upon their heads and gaudy new villas came into view from time to time. We crossed the viaduct that spans the broad Reforma, and entered the station.

Upon emerging the first object that confronts you is the bull-ring made of adobe, washed with their favourite pale-blue water-colour. Opposite it, convicts were at work grading a hill under the surveillance of some slovenly, barefoot soldiers. Beyond we passed a pilgrim church situated at the head of a great flight of steps, at whose base cows were being milked, while the crenellated walls of an old fortress rose up behind, blue and unreal against the sky-line like some piece of stage scenery.

The streets down which we drove were wide and straight and paved with square blocks of stone like the old Roman thoroughfares; the houses but one story in height for the most part; the churches baroque, pretentious, and uninteresting.

When I asked the cabman upon reaching the hotel how much I owed him, he calmly replied: "Eighteen dollars." I fairly gasped, feeling that I was being robbed. Then I remembered that in Guatemala

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eighteen dollars of their money equals just one American dollar! You can imagine the condition of one's pockets in a country with such a currency—constantly cluttered with rolls of dirty paper pesos, tattered and often worn to shreds. You buy a few postage stamps and you pay eight dollars for them; your simple dinner amounts to forty dollars, your room to fifty dollars a day. Yet living in Guatemala is cheap—when you make due allowance for exchange.

Under the old Spanish dominion, all that we now call Central America, that is from the Isthmus of Tehuantepec to Panama, was known as the Captain-Generalcy, or Kingdom of Guatemala. Cortez, after his conquest of Mexico, sent his daring lieutenant, Don Pedro de Alvarado, one of the most brilliant figures of that turbulent epoch, to subjugate this country, and his name has become linked with it like that of Cortez with Mexico and Pizarro with Peru. He found the country peopled with fairly civilised natives, having their industries and arts, their picture-writings and a primitive language of symbols. Like the Aztecs of Mexico and the Incas of Peru, they dwelt upon the cool ethereal heights of the

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tierra templada, where they first woke to civilisation under the stimulus of the exhilarating air raised high above the miasmas of the coast—the torrid *tierra caliente*.

When Alvarado had brought these natives to submission, he planned to make his capital the finest in the new world. To attain this end, he brought artisans from Spain, and under their guidance, the Mayas, who had erected the temples of Yucatan and Honduras, now built his viceregal palace, the great cathedral where his bones afterward reposed, and the other edifices of his capital, Antigua, situated almost at the base of Agua. In 1776, however, a terrific earthquake shook the city to its foundations, destroying it so utterly that by order of the government the capital was transferred to Guatemala City, and Antigua remains to this day a city of ruins. It is comparatively easy of access, and I should have liked to visit it, but the shortness of our stay would not permit the journey.

Thus, as Spanish-American capitals go, Guatemala City is of comparatively recent origin, whence its baroque architecture, its tawdry palaces and churches. But it makes amends for these. The surrounding

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country is wholly delightful, and has always been fittingly known as the "Paradise of the New World." Its elevation above the sea gives it a delicious climate, and its picturesque, if somewhat slovenly, inhabitants afford no end of variety.

The Plaza de Armas, differing in this respect from those we had seen in South America, is ill kept, its pavement cracked and dirty, its trees dusty and neglected. Two sides are bordered by *portales* sheltering the principal shops under their arcades. To the east rise the great cathedral and the bishop's palace, while to the west stands the Palace, the official residence of President Cabrera, who holds the country under his iron thumb.

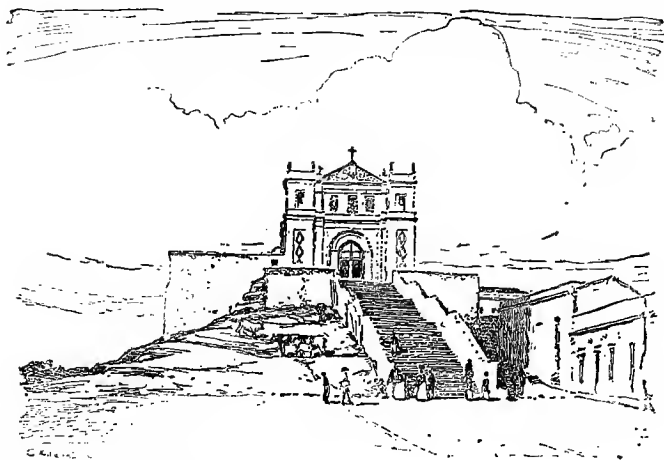
In an automobile we toured the city and its environs, first visiting, at the end of a broad avenue, flanked by villas and foreign legations, the Hipódromo, or Temple of Minerva, a modern edifice of the Greek type, used for scholastic or athletic exercises and public gatherings of all sorts, overlooking a beautiful ravine and a richly wooded country—a perfect tangle of tropic growth.

In the opposite direction we returned to the Calvario, or Pilgrim Church, that I have mentioned,

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passed the pale-blue Fortezza, and then followed the Avenida de la Reforma, a splendid boulevard shaded by quadruple rows of trees, mostly pines, that fill the air with their aromatic perfume.

At its far extremity, we enjoyed a superb view of



The Calvario, Guatemala City

Agua topping the rich fields, and then we inspected the Museo. This contains a well-ordered if rather scant collection of plaster casts of the Maya bas-reliefs and monoliths from Quirigua, Péten, and the hidden jungles of Yucatan; modern historic souvenirs of the various revolutions; examples of native in-

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dustries and some fine specimens of animals and birds, among the latter the *quetzal*, the national bird of freedom, larger than a parrot and like it contrasting a bright-red breast and a long green tail.

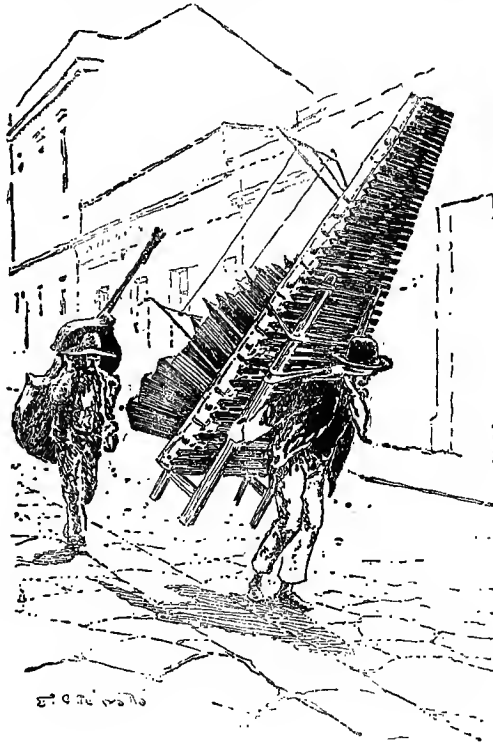


Cathedral Terrace, Guatemala City

The market that morning and the band concert that afternoon afforded an excellent opportunity to study the women and their gay attire. There were Guatemaltecos of Spanish origin in their prettiest Sunday raiment, *mestizas* in soft, pale-tinted scarfs, and, most

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interesting of all perhaps, Indian women, especially those from Quezaltenango and its vicinity, many of



A Marimbero

whom are employed as nurse-maids in the capital. They are small but well formed and erect from their

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habit of balancing loads upon their head; their clothes are hand-woven and enriched with lively and varied patterns; their hair is plaited with flowers,



Indian Women

and their faces are often distinctly comely.

Among these women the slouchy soldiers wandered; a *mal-imbero* lugged his heavy instrument, a sort of xylophone, upon his back, and boys peddled native sweetmeats stuck upon a stick, and can-

dies fashioned in the semblance of men and animals. As the twilight deepened, the cathedral doors swung open and a crowd with lighted candles issued from the main portal, accompanying a Purísima or small, doll-like Virgin, such as one commonly sees in Mex-

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ico, overdressed in brocades and laces, and so decked with jewels and ornaments that nothing but its diminutive waxen face was visible.

We took the early train for the lowlands, planning to spend the entire day en route, reaching Retalhuleu at six to spend the night, and the following morning we were to proceed to Champerico to meet our steamer. Though the distance from Retalhuleu to the coast is but twenty-five miles, only three trains a week make the connection.

The trip through the jungle I shall not soon forget, both for the beauty of the long ride and for the adventure that closed it.

The road from Guatemala City as far as Escuintla was a repetition of our ascent from the coast, but for the fact that, upon the downward journey, Agua stood revealed in all its majesty, rearing its perfect cone, sharp and regular, more than twelve thousand feet above the sea. Behind it towered its two neighbours, even greater in height though more distant, Fuego and Acatenango, volcanoes also, cutting their sharp silhouettes against a cloudless sky—forming the great trinity that decorates the country's coat-of-arms.

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We had an early luncheon in the station at Escuintla, luckily, from what followed, an excellent repast graced with the finest avocado pears I have ever tasted.

At Santa Maria Junction the train left the road to the coast, turning aside upon what will some day be the main line of the Pan-American Railway that eventually will connect the cities of the United States with Panama by rail—a dream that fascinated the mind of James G. Blaine, who was one of its strongest early advocates. At the present day such large portions of it already exist that its realisation no longer seems a dream but a reality of the not very distant future.

The piece we were now traversing has been open but a year or two and passes through a virgin jungle, affording a ride of rare novelty and charm. You plunge almost instantly into a tropical forest whose moist, heavy atmosphere is as steamy as that of a hothouse. Its giant trees are hung with vines and snake-like creepers and bound about by the iron thongs of the *lignum-vitæ*. Orchids balance themselves upon the twisted limbs, and royal palms rear their column-like trunks among the thick underbrush.

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At each station rough-looking peons left the second-class coaches to work on the *fincas*, or plantations, all their worldly possessions in packs upon their backs. Their foremen and their employers, the *haciendados*, go about armed to the teeth, looking like walking arsenals, with their cartridge-belts, their pistols, and their long, ugly knives.

Our train conductor was an American, whose wonderful gold teeth proclaimed that fact to all the world. He had lived, I think he said, for twenty years along this Guatemala Central Railroad, and he retailed to us all the gossip of the road, pointing out the big sugar estates, the mahogany logs at Buena Vista, the rubber-trees, and, later on, the coffee plantations sheltered from the sun by the leafage of the jungle. He told us, too, where to get the best pineapples (most refreshing upon a journey like this), and we bought, by his advice, nine of them for twenty-seven reales, or seven cents gold, and cocoanuts at about a cent and a half apiece.

The native villages were a source of constant interest, with their bamboo huts thatched with palm leaves, their primitive outdoor kitchens, where we saw armadillos roasted whole like Chinese sucking

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pigs. Children played about as nature made them; the men, especially toward Patulul, were clad only in richly coloured breech-cloths that harmonised per-



Huts in the Jungle

fectly with their warm brown skins, and the women were washing half nude in the streams.

River after river, rippling over pebbly beds, ran from the mountains to the sea, and one after another we crossed them: the various branches of the Coyo-lata, the two main forks of the Madre Viejo, the Nahualate, the Nimá, and the Ican. Their presence explained the fertility of the region and the rich

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verdure of the country, despite the fact that we were at the end of the long dry season, when one would naturally expect to see the land seared and scorched by the sun, ardently awaiting the rain.

At Mazatenango we lost a passenger who had greatly interested us—a beautiful *mestiza*, upon whose shoulders two green parakeets had perched all day. It was now nearly five o'clock, and only an hour's ride separated us from our destination for the night. During this last portion of the trip we passed through extensive coffee *fincas* that form the principal source of wealth of the region, arriving at Retalhuleu just on time.

Lucky for us that we did so.

I have spoken of Guatemala's despotic president, Cabrera. We had had instances before of the close watch that is kept by his officials on every stranger and every citizen, for our names had been taken each time we passed in or out of a railroad station or entered a hotel. Here, at Retalhuleu, the officials advanced again for these formalities, and when I had signed my name I was surprised to see them exchange a look, and one of them handed me two telegrams. Both were from the captain of our ship, urging us to

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hire a special train and get to Champerico at once, as he sailed at eight o'clock that evening.

What visions his telegram evoked! In fancy I saw us stranded for ten days in this desolate port with nothing but our hand-luggage; I saw our tickets for the voyage reposing, with our other possessions, in the purser's safe; I saw us following forlornly by the next steamer, which was the worst boat on the line.

So, without losing a single moment, I interviewed the station-master, he called up the central office in Guatemala City, catching the officials just before they left for the night, and I watched the reply slowly tick from the telegraphic instrument—the order for a special at what looked like a ruinous figure until it was divided into American dollars. The only car that they could find available was a second-class coach, and in twenty minutes after our arrival an engine was attached to it, a dim, smoky lamp was lighted in one of its corners, and we started off, dinnerless, in the night.

What a wild ride it was! The locomotive snorted like a raging monster at the very door of our coach, that rocked from side to side like an unballasted ship upon the shaky rails; the lamp spluttered and smoked

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and threatened every instant to fall from its fixture and smash upon the floor.

The lights of native huts (for it was still early in the evening) flashed by in the darkness. Anxious faces peered through the windows as we slowed down at the few stations. Such a thing as a train at night was unknown upon this road, that, as I have said, operates but three trains a week in each direction, and these only in broad daylight. Our whistle shrieked as we sped along, and at last, in record time, we pulled into the station at Champerico.

I think the whole town was there to meet us. I know the entire garrison was, barefooted doubtless, but with fixed bayonets, prepared to quell any revolution that might emerge from this lone coach. Their anxiety faded, but their curiosity was evidently increased, when they beheld only two mild-mannered persons step out. Guessing our object, they called repeatedly: "You cannot embark; you cannot embark." However, the port agent met us, some natives took up our luggage, and we stumbled along over the railroad tracks and switches in the direction of the mole.

The captain of the port had been forewarned, for

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nothing short of the President's permission had been necessary to enable us to leave the country after nightfall. So, as he expressed it, "in honour of the lady," he came himself with his small court, all dressed in white, to take us to the *bodega* on the end of the mole. Four boatmen, also in white, were waiting there, and the captain's big *chaloupa* was in readiness to be swung out and down into the long Pacific rollers which fortunately were exceptionally quiet that evening. The boat was duly launched, my wife was put into a sort of barrel-chair, and at the end of a crane was swung out into the darkness and carefully lowered into the waiting boat, then I was sent down in the same manner.

The ship's lights twinkled in the distance, shut out at times by a long black wave-wall that disappeared as quickly as it came. We seemed to float upon a moving black void with silvery phosphorescence all about and dripping from the oars. Once out of the ground-swell, however, we glided peacefully along toward the ship's golden lamps that beckoned us like the hospitable lights of some large hotel.

We met the purser's boat coming ashore to see how we were faring, and then we knew, what we

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had already guessed, the reason for the change of plans that had necessitated this brusque departure—namely, that in this calm weather the steel rails for Champerico had rained into the lighters in double-quick time, and the ship was ready for departure Monday night instead of Tuesday morning.

On awaking next day we found ourselves anchored off Ocos, the last port of call in Guatemala. Only a mile or two to the north lay the Mexican border. Nothing tempted us to go ashore at this forlorn port, and indeed we were quite well pleased, after the past three days' activities, to sit quietly in our steamer-chairs upon the open deck and watch the lighters filled with sacks of coffee come one after the other out through the surf, whose breakers they breasted by an ingenious system of cables attached to buoys, giving their signals to the men in charge of the donkey-engine ashore by means of black and white flags.

Toward night great clouds gathered about the mountains inland and the lightning flashed dull silver in the deepening gloom. The stars disappeared one by one; a high wind arose; big warm splashes of rain pattered on the deck, and before we knew it a *chuvasco*—one of those great tropical storms that

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come so quickly in these latitudes—was let loose about us. In a moment floods of water swept the ship from stem to stern. But all was over as quickly as it came, and in a few hours the stars twinkled again overhead.

III

COAST TOWNS OF MEXICO

AT eleven o'clock next morning the two thousand sacks of coffee were all aboard and we said good-bye to Guatemala.

A little later we passed the first port in Mexico, San Benito, marked by a warehouse or two upon the shore. The long, low thread of coast continued to unroll itself all the afternoon, with now and then a faint, blue mountain form dimly seen hiding its head in thunder-clouds. We passed two steamers—a rare event upon this silent sea.

Before dawn next day we heard the high wind whistling about our cabin, the trades that always blow in the Gulf of Tehuantepec. After breakfast

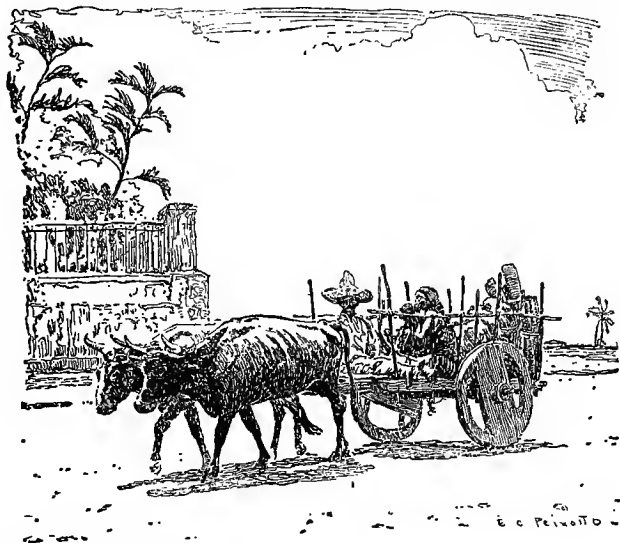
PACIFIC SHORES FROM PANAMA

we anchored in the outer bay of Salina Cruz, and came up to the dock soon after, watching with interest, as we did so, the crowd of Mexican *cargadores*, in white jeans and the national peaked hats, preparing to unload our cargo. This was the first time we had been alongside a dock since we left Balboa, and was to be the last until we arrived in San Francisco.

Each town along this coast seems to have a physiognomy all its own. Some are but a collection of tropical shacks shaded by cocoanut palms; others have a prosperous air displayed in their mountains of coffee-sacks and bags of sugar; others again wear an ugly face devoid even of the interest of character. Salina Cruz is certainly one of these, for no element of beauty can be found in its windy, sand-swept streets. But she has dressed her unattractive face in very neat and business-like clothes—her excellent wharves and docks, built by a great English corporation, equipped with all the modern machinery and appliances that are lacking even in some of our most up-to-date American ports. Electric cranes, running easily on tracks, swing their giant arms in air, lifting from the ships' holds great handfuls of bales and

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boxes and emptying them directly, as the case may be, either into freight cars standing ready to take them across the Isthmus to the Gulf or into solid warehouses ranged along the quay. Salina Cruz



A Bullock Wagon, Salina Cruz

was the proposed western terminus of the famous ship railway so much discussed some years ago as the only possible solution of the canal problem.

Whether this Tehuantepec Railway, with its transshipments, will be able to compete with the direct

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route of the Panama Canal is the question one naturally asks one's self. The town of Tehuantepec, which gives its name to the Isthmus, lies about twenty miles inland, and is famous for the beauty and the curious national dress of its women. To judge from those we saw in Salina Cruz, I should say they justify their reputation.

We sailed early Friday morning and headed up the Mexican coast. The sea was alive with turtles, gleaming like great topazes upon the calm blue waters.

What a change in the shore-line from the softly wooded hills of Guatemala! All was bleak and arid, rugged and firmly modelled. Low headlands thrust themselves into the sea, girt with jagged rocks and clothed with dry underbrush, and great clusters of the organ cactus reared their bright-green fingers straight toward heaven. At other times long white lines of sand skirted with foliage connected these headlands, and once in a while a broad verdant valley opened and a wreath of blue smoke proclaimed a human presence. One of these valleys stretched its mouth so wide that we coasted for about half an hour along its unbroken beach, walled with cocoanut

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palms and backed by densely wooded hills, rising one behind another, fold after fold, peering over each other, as it were, to catch a glimpse of the sea, while the mother range—the Sierra Madre—looked calmly down upon her children from her cool ethereal heights.

Then the coast receded until it almost disappeared from view, then protruded again far out into the sea until we seemed to be heading directly for its yellow cliffs. No opening appeared until we came quite close, when, of a sudden, a narrow passage split the cliffs and we entered a landlocked harbor, the loveliest on all this coast.

What memories cling about this bay of Acapulco, as perfect in form as any saucer, with but a single chip in all its rim, that of the narrow *boca* that admits ships from the sea! Purple hills enclose it; groves of cocoanut palms skirt its shores; native huts lie cool in the shadows of the woods, and over to the northward the old town of Acapulco spreads itself upon a hill-slope behind its ancient Spanish fortress.

What pictures it has beheld! The dromonds and the galliases from Panama, with the merchants of Spain and the traders from the vice-royalty of Peru,

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assembled to buy the silks and porcelains from China and the spices from the Indies; the nobles and their caravans from Mexico City just across the mountains, even at times the viceroy himself, come to welcome the King's ship—the great galleon that once a year arrived from Manila freighted with the treasures of the Orient, its sails gay with painted images, its waist bristling with cannon, its rigging hung with *ollas*, earthen jars, to catch and cool the rain-water upon its lengthy voyage.

During the old régime Acapulco was the chief port upon the Pacific for the East-Indian trade, and this great galleon, commanded by a general who flew the royal standard at his masthead, left each year for the Philippines in March, returning the following December or January.

Bret Harte has founded one of his most important poems upon this event, a curious legend beginning thus:

“In sixteen hundred and forty-one
The regular yearly galleon,
Laden with odorous gums and spice,
India cotton and India rice,
And the richest silks of far Cathay,
Was due at Acapulco Bay.”

THE ISTHMUS TO THE GOLDEN GATE

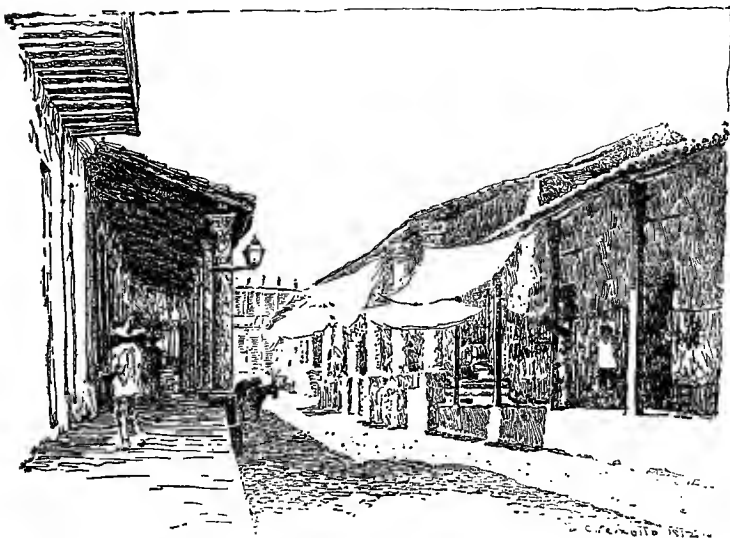
This "Lost Galleon" never arrived for a very peculiar reason, and he concludes his account of its ill-fated voyage with the following prophecy of the Holy Brotherhood: that in 1939, just three hundred years from the date it was due,

"The folk in Acapulco town,
Over the waters looking down,
Will see in the glow of the setting sun
The sails of the missing galleon
And the royal standard of Philip Rey,
The gleaming mast and the glistening spar,
As she nears the reef of the outer bar."

If this prophecy is fulfilled, her captain-general, upon his return, will not find the old town greatly changed, for to-day its buildings still echo the Hispanic taste of the seventeenth century. Its old fortress of San Diego still bristles with antiquated artillery, the old craft of its harbour are primitive, and its shiftless people, cut off from all communication with the outside world, fill in the foreground of the picture in quite an appropriate manner. But he will rub his eyes in bewilderment when he reads the name, to him meaningless, of the boats that come to ferry one ashore: the *New York*, the *Maryland*, the *George Washington*, and the *Flying-Fish*.

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We chose the first named, and soon were landing at the custom-house, which you literally “pass through” to leave the landing-stage, and found ourselves in the main plaza, set out with fine mango-trees. The after-



Its Streets of Dazzling Colonnades

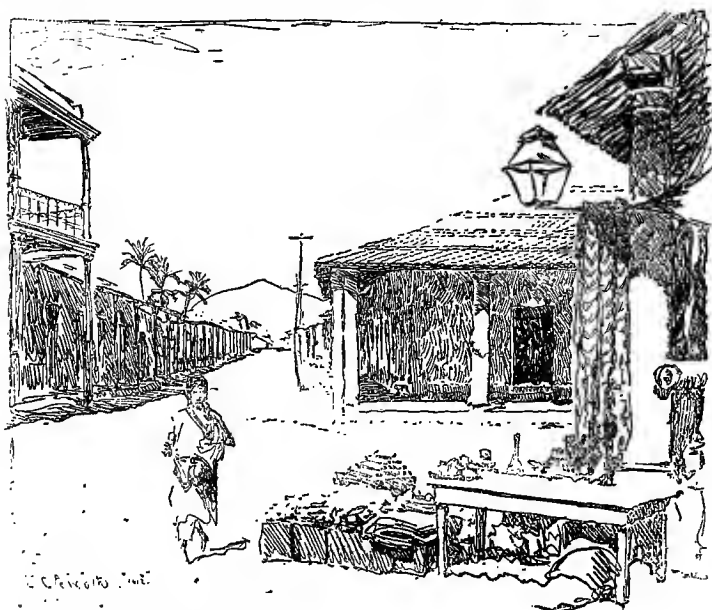
noon was all too short for this picturesque old town, with its streets and dazzling colonnades, its cool porticos, its markets and shops filled with a bright jumble of pottery and ponchos, woven baskets and tropical fruits.



Market Square, Acapulco

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We sketched and visited the agency and the consulate, occupying two of the most pretentious houses in the town, both typically Spanish, with patios and



An Outlying Street, Acapulco

great airy chambers whose windows are barred with solid *rejas* strong enough for a prison.

At sundown we were towed in the agent's boat to our ship, which had meanwhile gone across the bay

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to coal. The evening was delightful, the air balmy yet refreshing, and the calm bay, landlocked, with but its single exit to the sea, spread its opalescent waters to catch the sky reflections—pink, green, lavender, and mauve. The American consul had come out with us—a distinguished-looking man with a young face and snow-white hair—and he and the agent dined at the captain's table, and we all spent the evening together up under the bridge by the captain's cabin.

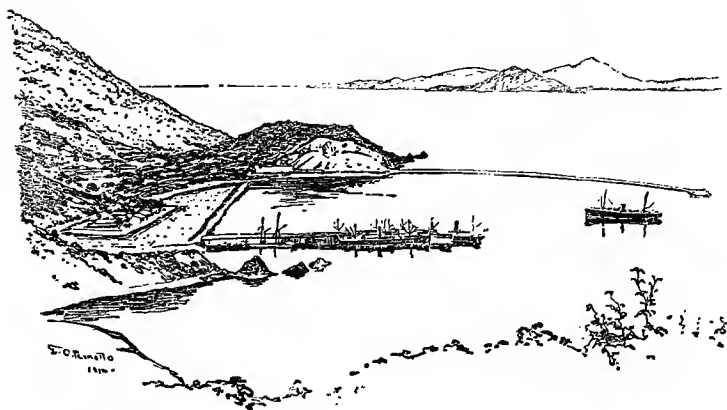
The coal-barges lay alongside, and in the fitful light of electric reflectors we could see the passers, a motley crew, half naked, grimy, black by nature or by dust, one could not tell which, shovelling the coal like demons, in the weird night light.

Our next Mexican port was Manzanillo, whose lighthouse, perched upon a bluff, was the first that we had remarked on all the coast. We ran in close under it, swung into a wide and beautiful gulf, and anchored behind a fine, new breakwater, where lies the little town, the western terminal of one of the Mexican railways, straggling along a sand-bar. We went ashore on principle, but found little to interest us except some pretty *juegos*, or sets of Guadalajara

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pottery—bottle, plate, and drinking-cup, made to match. The town is dirty and unattractive, the country dry and desolate.

There remained but one more port of call, San Blas, and a tiny pearl of the tropics it is, set in shores



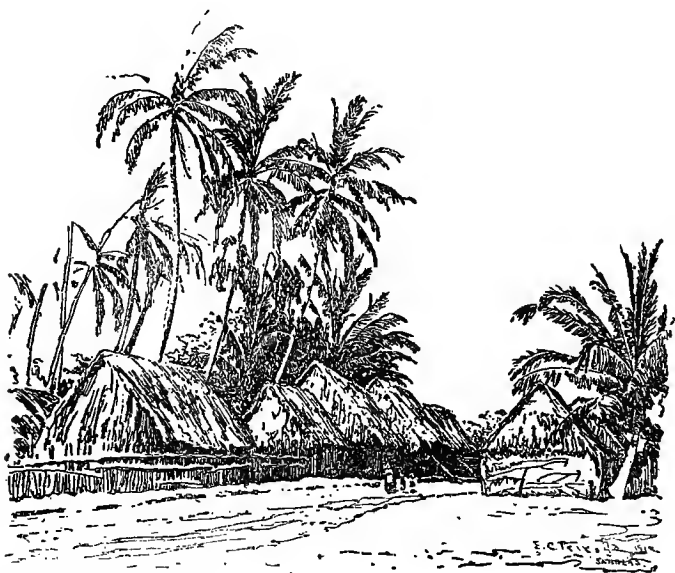
Manzanillo Bay

of vivid green and groves of palm-trees. We cast anchor a mile or two offshore, near a British gun-boat, and immediately a boat put off from her and one of her officers came to call upon our captain. What a trim boat's crew it was—how spick and span their uniforms, how well fed, how ruddy their complexions

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under their cork helmets after the sallow skins of the Central Americans we had been seeing!

Our steamer had two thousand bunches of bananas to take aboard, so we went ashore for the afternoon

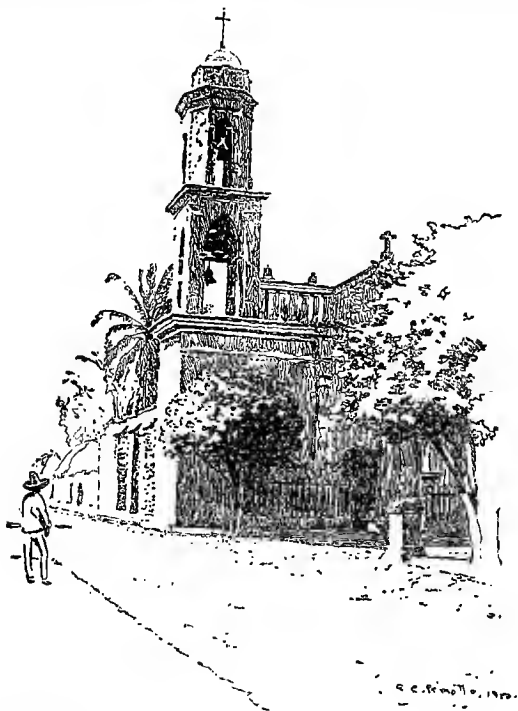


A Tiny Pearl of the Tropics

in a big surf-boat, riding the breakers to shelter behind a primitive breakwater. Here we found ourselves in a calm lagoon, broken by numerous sand-spits and stretching off into bayous of rich tropical vegetation.

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Sturdy *cargadores* were loading big lighters with bananas and dried fish, and beyond we could see the first bamboo huts of the village roofed with palm-leaves.



Old Church, San Blas

A few Mexican buildings were mingled with them, but they recalled the Moor, rather than the Spaniard, with their blank walls, their roof terraces, and pink

PACIFIC SHORES FROM PANAMA

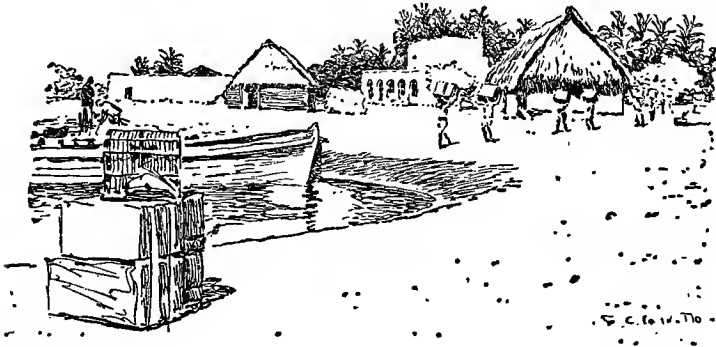
arcades. There was little to do but peep into the native huts like those of South Sea Islanders, drink cocoanut milk, visit the market, where we were offered a whole bunch of bananas for fifteen cents gold, and then wander down to the beach, where the natives were swimming, riding the surf on boards like Kanakas and having a splendid time. This quiet afternoon was altogether a charming farewell to the tropics. Even the sunset, as we returned to the ship, was sufficiently lurid and full of colour to meet the requirements of the occasion, and as we stood out for the open sea it was with deep regret that we said good-bye to the heat and discomfort, the glamour and charm, of the southern seas.

Never shall I forget the romance of those nights at sea—the long talks with our captain up under the bridge, his lines from Kipling's "Seven Seas," the stars that twinkled their thousand eyes overhead, and the great calm Pacific that stretched to infinity, its broad bosom faintly heaving in its slumberous breathing.

After leaving San Blas we cut across the mouth of the Gulf of California, and toward sundown rounded the southern extremity of Cape St. Lucas. That

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night we crossed the tropic of Cancer. The Southern Cross, that had so long guided us, disappeared from the firmament, the North Star stood high in the heavens, and in the morning when we arose a bracing north wind greeted us.



Loading Barges, San Blas

The officers appeared dressed in navy blue instead of the white of the tropics. Activity and energy developed in the crew. Even the passengers awoke from their drowsiness, threw off the lethargy of the steamer-chairs, and took long walks forward and aft. Lower California unrolled its naked headlands, the great bluffs of Magdalena Bay arose along the sea. Sometimes the coast was low and sandy; sometimes

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table-lands stretched flat for miles, as if their tops had been lopped off by giant *machetes*; sometimes high and wicked cliffs lifted their walls along the shore, scarred and seamed, with the surf pounding along their feet. Many a good ship has foundered on this wild coast, with no lights, even to-day, to guide them in the night, with no siren to warn them in the fog, their ribs mouldering along the treacherous rock-bound shore.

Beyond Cape San Rocco and Cedro Island we passed the deep curve of Viscaino's Bay, and followed the course of that intrepid navigator, until one morning—the fourth, I think, from San Blas—the peak of Catalina Island rose above our port bow. Shoals of flying-fish frolicked in the water and, as the land drew nearer, fishing-smacks skimmed over the dancing waves, their sails bellying in the fresh westerly trades.

After the inhospitable coast of Lower California, our own shores looked verdant and animated. At night an unbroken chain of lighthouses guided our course. By day the great cliffs that skirt the sea frowned down upon us.

And then one morning, with the earliest dawn, the

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twinkling beam of San Benito's lighthouse lured us on, and the faint silhouette of the Farallones rose to the westward. We changed our course, coasting close in under the cliffs, and as the sun rose behind the Contra Costa hills, flooding the headlands with the glory of its effulgence, we entered the Golden Gate, and the broad waters of the bay of San Francisco opened their arms to us.

